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THE WAR AND CATHOLICISM.

THERE can be no question that the issue of the war has made a considerable change in the position of Catholicism. Austria, the great temporal prop of the Papacy, has succumbed to a Protestant Power; but the significant fact is not so much that a Protestant Power is triumphant as that Austria has succumbed. It is not merely that Austria has been beaten in a great war, but her defeat is the last culminating event in a process that has been going on for more than thirty years. In the interval between the settlement of Vienna and the French Revolution of 1830, Austria governed the Papacy, and in return the Papacy governed Austria. The POPE was, so far as his temporal power went, a mere vassal of Austria. He was secured by her against all attacks from within and from without, but could do nothing except what she desired, or at least did not strongly disapprove. On the other hand, Austria lent all the strength of her Empire to promote the spiritual power of the POPE, and she herself was governed completely in accordance with the principles that found favour with the Court of Rome. After the Revolution of 1830 a change was introduced; France insisted on having a share in the protectorate, and France, although a Catholic Power, was not at all a Catholic Power in the sense in which Austria under METTERNICH was a Catholic Power. Contests arose between the State and the Church, in which the Church was by no means allowed to have its own way; and as France claimed to have an equal share with Austria in guarding the temporal power, the POPE was responsible to two guardians instead of one. The year 1848 saw a further change. France alone reduced Rome to obedience, and France alone took the personal care of the POPE in its charge. Still the whole leaning of the Court of Rome was to Austria, and the hope never quitted the hearts of the most ardent adherents of the Papacy that some day Austria would put forth her strength and reinstate herself in the position of the sole friend and ally on which the Papacy should have occasion to rely. Austria was more Ultramontane than ever. But times changed more and more. The boasted strength of Austria was broken at Magenta and Solferino, and Austria herself, in sheer despair at the invariable misfortunes of despotism, entered on a phase of that free government which, if carried out, is, so far as all experience has shown, incompatible with the pretensions of Ultramontanism. Italy too stared the Papacy in the face as a new Power of monstrous birth, an Antichrist that robbed the Holy See of its possessions and declared that it intended some day to reign in Rome itself. For some time a fierce battle was waged between the representatives of the ecclesiastical and the secular spirit, and if the former were not strong enough to prevent the advance of the latter, they were at least strong enough to delay it. They kept the Emperor of the FRENCH hesitating, and Italy expectant, for some years. But time showed, by many successive symptoms, which was really the stronger side. The Catholic world sent the POPE a legion of volunteers, but they were extinguished at Castel Fidardo. The faithful supplied Peter's Pence in lieu of the revenues of the Romagna, but gradually it was found that spasmodic enthusiasm paled before the recurrent necessity of providing the half-year's interest on a national debt. The French clergy proved unable to array the French peasantry against the Government at election time. Instead of gaining by sheltering the King of NAPLES and enabling him to recover his kingdom, the POPE only involved himself in the odium attaching to a cause supported by cut-throats and brigands. The French announced their intention of leaving Rome, and the Italian Parliament came to Florence. But Italy might be ruined, and Austria might be once more triumphant, if war could but break out in

time. This was the last hope of the supporters of the temporal power, and this last hope was blasted at Sadowa. The old order has finally changed, and has given place to the new order that is now beginning.

The POPE appears to have been among the first to recognise this state of things, and he has had, it is said, the courage and the sense to determine to accommodate himself to it. It needed no small firmness, and even what may fairly be termed originality of mind, in an old man shaken by many disasters, quivering with superstitious scruples, and beset by fierce bigots, to see which way the final tide was setting, and to act on what he saw. No one yet knows what arrangement will be come to between VICTOR EMMANUEL and the POPE, but the great thing is that an arrangement should be possible. If the Papacy consents to be Italianized, the main difficulty is surmounted. For the POPE will no longer be in opposition to his neighbours and his subjects; and the whole spirit of modern Italy is so essentially secular, that such government as the POPE may retain must borrow a secular character from the friends who protect him. The particular form of external change which the Papacy will undergo is a mere matter of detail. The administration of the city of Rome may or may not be left in the POPE's hands. He may or may not derive his revenues directly from the taxation of the city and its adjacent territory. The coin in which the taxes are paid may or may not bear his effigy. But his Government will be, or will rapidly become, an Italianized and a secular Government. It is the internal, not the external, change that will be really important. The Papacy will, like Catholicism in most countries of modern time, pass under the sway of the State, and will be modified accordingly. There will be above it, as there is now almost everywhere in the civilized world, a superior power so far as the things of this world are concerned. There will be no longer an opening for the more ambitious spirits among ecclesiastics to clutch at, and intrigue for, temporal power. They will find an antagonistic force, stronger than they are, which will assign them bounds that they cannot pass. Catholicism, it may be presumed, will gradually assume throughout Europe the position it has now held for many years in France. It will have great influence, but not supremacy. It will strive to make itself felt, to gain enthusiastic adherents, to silence opponents by passionate outcry and by all the artillery of ecclesiastical warfare; but it will find itself always in the presence of that which we may call the modern spirit—the spirit of temporal independence and self-assertion, the spirit of inquiry, the spirit of that toleration which is the fruit at once of scepticism, of benevolence, and of generosity. It is impossible that this should not alter Catholicism. It will change its aims; it will make it more aspiring in one direction, more humble and contented in another direction. Rome will still be the centre of a vast ecclesiastical organization, and it will be impossible that this organization should not sometimes be used for political purposes; but at present the politics of Rome often predominate over and determine its ecclesiastical course. That which is politically desirable becomes ecclesiastically right; that which is politically undesirable becomes ecclesiastically wrong. With the downfall of the temporal power, or rather with its transformation, this confusion of things political and things spiritual will cease, if not altogether, yet in a very large degree. It has become palpably absurd already. The Italians, now that they are blessed by the POPE, are no better than they were, and are in no way different from what they were when they were cursed. They have merely gone on doing wickedly on a larger and larger scale, until their wickedness has been turned into goodness. The political era of the Papacy must have nearly passed away when its political and spiritual enemies are taken into favour

because its political and spiritual friends have been so very badly beaten.

But if the war has been disadvantageous to Catholicism, has it been advantageous to Protestantism? In one sense it has. Political influence can, for a certain time, give a life more or less artificial to a religion. Man, even when he is thinking of heaven, likes to have the strong ones of the earth on his side. Undoubtedly the political influence of Catholicism is less than it was a few years ago. Of the five great Powers actually existing, three—England, Prussia, and the United States—are in the main Protestant, and France alone is Catholic. But, in another sense, the transformation of the temporal power, and the cessation of the political activity of the Papacy, will probably make very little difference to Protestantism. It may be very true that Protestantism is more allied to the modern spirit—that spirit of which we can seize the characteristic attributes, but which is too much a part of ourselves and of our generation for us to analyse it exhaustively. But Protestantism is by no means identified with it, and, in its coarser and more vulgar forms, falls far more short of it than Catholicism in its nobler and more refined forms. There will always, it is to be feared, be rabid Protestants quite as long as there are rabid Catholics, and Catholicism may be modified and penetrated by the modern spirit as much as Protestantism, and by the same gentle, insensible process. All that gives Catholicism a hold on mankind will endure equally whether Italian or Austrian or French soldiers parade the streets of Rome. Perhaps the action of the priesthood will become more vigorous and efficacious when there is less of direct political ambition in its efforts. The devotion of the Romish clergy, the power they derive from celibacy, the jealous guarding of Christian tradition, the adaptation of the Romish system to all that is bad and all that is good in women, the poetry of its indisputable antiquity and imaginary universality, will give the Papacy a hold on the human mind which Protestantism, with its entirely different set of excellences, is not at all likely to disturb; nor, if Protestants think Catholicism weak in point of truth, should they forget that a religion endures not only because it is true, but also because it suits those whom it rules. It is also to be observed that, as the modern spirit advances—an essential character of which is width, comprehensiveness, and vagueness—so also does the tendency in mankind to gather itself into cliques and sects of a more intense and fervid character. This is the natural reaction in the minds of the few against the prevailing action of the many. It is probable that, concurrently with the progress of inquiry, of toleration, of charity, and of scientific indifference to everything but truth, we shall also have a greater number of distinct enthusiastic, bigoted, unscrupulous sects. The days may come when those whose minds dwell on Jesuits will see that the Order of Jesus is more flourishing than it ever was. Those who watch the longer course of events, and only ask in what direction the world is going, may be comforted, or even scornful; but still cliques and sects, when united, ardent, and impetuous, exercise a power that is not to be despised, and faltering Protestants may some day ask themselves, with wonder and shame, how they could possibly have persuaded themselves that the end of the temporal power was destined to be the end of Catholicism.

THE MONEY-MARKET.

AFTER three months of commercial anxiety and distress, the reduction of the Bank rate of discount produces a feeling of relief, as when the weathercock points to the south after a monotonous continuance of east wind. As the change has been produced, it is well that it should be the result of natural causes, and not of any alteration in the policy of the Government. The reductions of the past two weeks have shown that Mr. DISRAELI would have been mistaken if he had complied with the request of the Joint-Stock Banks for a modification of the Treasury letter of May. The fall would then have been exclusively attributed to the relaxation of the condition imposed on additional issues of notes, and consequently the partial restoration of credit would not have tended to complete itself by the confidence which it inspires. It is understood that the Bank has not availed itself of the permission to exceed its ordinary margin, and consequently the late FIRST LORD and CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER will not require the protection of a Bill of Indemnity; but until last week it was not thought safe to surrender the contingent power, and to incur the risk of causing alarm by a possible application for a fresh licence. There is much difference of opinion as to the

expediency of limiting the power of surplus issue to the period of an extraordinarily high rate of interest, and it may be doubted whether Mr. GLADSTONE and the Directors of the Bank foresaw the bearing of the condition on the market price of money. It is desirable that the Bank of England, like any other money-lender, should charge for the use of money neither more nor less than it is worth at the moment of the loan, but the wish to retain an exceptional resource introduced an arbitrary element into the calculations of the Board. The decision from week to week may perhaps not have been practically affected by the terms of the Treasury letter, but it was always possible that the ten per cent. might be retained for the sake of the power of unlimited issue with which it was connected. On future occasions it seems not impossible for the Government to decide on the continuance or withdrawal of the power of over-issue. Self-acting machinery is at best a substitute for personal supervision, and the Board of the Bank of England, with the profit of its shareholders to consider, is not as disinterested as a mechanical contrivance. It is certain that the maintenance of the ten per cent. rate has prevented the influx of capital instead of promoting it, and a part of the suspicion of foreign traders may have been caused by the knowledge that the Bank was afraid of returning to its normal state.

As the foreign debts of the country must by this time have been reduced to their lowest point, there is reason to hope for additional ease and plenty. The pressure which has been caused in home transactions by the impossibility of borrowing money or of realizing securities will henceforth be rapidly alleviated, but many firms have been crushed in the interval beyond hope of recovery. The financial collapse of the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway exemplifies in a conspicuous manner the ruinous effect of shattered credit. The Company has hitherto met the interest on its debentures, and it has had a margin applicable to dividends on its preference shares. As the traffic of the metropolitan portion of the system is in a rapid course of development, there would have been no difficulty in continuing the payment of interest if only it had been, as in the ordinary course, possible to supply, by re-borrowing, the debentures which became due at Midsummer. But the wealthiest railway company in the kingdom or the richest merchant may be brought to a standstill by a sudden stoppage of the credit on which they have relied to meet their engagements. The bondholders demanded payment because money was scarce and dear, and for the same reason no successors could be found to take their places. There is too much reason to fear that even a rapid reduction in the rate of interest will be insufficient to float obligations which have on one occasion proved to be unsound. The improvement of the Money-market ought, however, to prevent further misfortunes of the same kind; and the morrow of a panic is always favourable to safe and legitimate enterprise. The high price of money seemed not to have checked the activity of manufacturers or merchants. The monthly returns of exports have been unusually large, and the remittance of the proceeds will tend to supply the want of available capital. For some years to come, no money will be invested in Financial Companies, and there are fortunately few foreign loans in the market. A new Standing Order which Lord REDESDALE, at the close of the Session, persuaded the House of Lords to accept as a compromise, will impede railway enterprise for a time, although the temptation of profit and the pressure of public convenience will ultimately evade or overthrow any arbitrary barrier of the kind. It seems at first sight as if almost every plausible contrivance for making a rapid fortune had been already exhausted, but the ingenuity which devised Financial Companies will not be at a loss when money once more becomes abundant. In the interval between a panic and a fresh burst of tentative speculation there is generally a period of regular and profitable trade.

The late crisis has shown how imperfectly the intended intercourse of nations has hitherto attained the cosmopolitan unity which it will eventually produce. It is impossible that the difference of six or seven per cent. in the respective rates of discount in London and in Paris should have lasted for three days between London and Glasgow, or between Paris and Lyons. Money, like water, will find its level when the free transit is not impeded by misconception or ignorance. Foreign traders and capitalists appear generally to have supposed that the solvency of the Bank of England was questioned, when there was only a doubt as to its capacity of furnishing commercial accommodation. Lord CLARENDON's apologetic circular was regarded, not as an explanation of the Treasury letter and of the circumstances

which rendered it necessary, but as an official acknowledgment that there was a mystery which required to be explained. The opponents of the law of 1844 have never denied that it has effected its main object of absolutely securing the convertibility of Bank of England notes. The provision of sufficient reserves to meet exceptional demands is probably not within the reach of legislation. The progress of inquiry has for the present produced a certain amount of scepticism as to theories of currency and credit. In 1857, and still more in 1847, the most positive opinions were expressed by almost all parties to the controversy which arose; but of late the attacks on the Bank Act have been hesitating and intermittent, and the warmest advocates of the system are willing to admit that the restrictions imposed by Sir ROBERT PEEL only tend to obviate certain specified dangers. Mr. WATKIN, who represented the general feeling of vague uneasiness, wholly abstained from suggesting any remedy for the evils which he denounced. The Birmingham currency doctors have died out, and painful experience has convinced their local disciples of the possible insecurity of a paper currency.

A revival and continuance of prosperity may be confidently anticipated if the restlessness of foreign nations allows England to persevere in the peaceful course of commercial enterprise. In 1847 the panic coincided with the Irish famine, and in 1857 with the Indian mutiny. The disasters of 1866 have not coincided with any extraordinary political complications, but the condition of Europe and of America suggests many ominous possibilities. If, however, peace and confidence are maintained, the recovery will perhaps be rapid. Occasional collapses of credit produce much individual suffering, but the actual amount of wealth which they destroy is measured by the temporary interruption of enterprise. Holders of securities in public Companies are poorer by many millions in consequence of the depreciation of their various shares and stocks, but the advantage offered to purchasers exactly balances the account. It appears that the derangement of commercial and manufacturing industry has not been excessive, for, with the exception of the iron trade, almost every staple branch of business is moderately active. Solvent bankers and wealthy contractors will profit by diminished competition in consequence of the fall of their weaker rivals; and even the surviving Financial Companies will gradually feel their way to a renewal of fanciful enterprise. One of the jewels of knowledge which may be extracted from the recent experience of adversity consists in the practical check which will have been imposed on speculation under limited liability. The relaxation of the old law was thoroughly sound in principle; but the opportunity of risking a fixed sum, instead of incurring unlimited responsibility, naturally tended in the first instance to encourage rash investments. Small capitalists, unacquainted with trade, have now learnt that large calls are almost as ruinous as an old-fashioned winding-up. The proportion of unpaid capital in Companies will henceforth be smaller, and their power of commanding excessive credit will be proportionately diminished.

THE LIBERAL PARTY IN GERMANY.

ONE of the most striking features of the history of modern nations is the repetition in one country of that which happens or has happened in another. A great wave of opinion, of passions, of difficulties, of events, seems to roll its volume over all nations of the civilized world in rapid succession. There is an era of despotism, an era of democracy; there is a period of bigotry, a period of scepticism; and every nation worth noticing seems subjected more or less to the prevailing influence. At present all nations of the first class that are free, or that desire to be free, are beset by exactly the same difficulties, and have to work out the same problems. There are two chief sources of embarrassment which are bewildering England, the United States, Italy, and Germany. These two are the government of dependencies, and the necessity of strengthening the executive without introducing despotism. England has to manage Ireland, the United States have to reconcile the South, Italy has to perfect its union with Naples, and Prussia has to decide how to govern Northern Germany. That we, and so many of our friends and neighbours, have difficulties of the same kind to contend with may perhaps make us lenient in judging the conduct of the Prussian Parliament and of the Liberal party in Germany. The thoughts that must arise in the breast of a German Liberal surveying the position of his country must be of a very conflicting kind, and, whatever may be the opinion he may come to, he must know that he could furnish many excellent reasons

for coming to a different one. The great question is, on what terms shall Hanover, Hesse Cassel, and the other conquered territories be annexed to Prussia. What line ought an honest Liberal to take in the matter? It must be owned that good ground might be urged for making the ties of annexation as light as possible. As Count BISMARCK, in addressing the Prussian Chamber, was obliged to own, the conquered States do not wish to be absorbed in Prussia; and a Liberal may hesitate, in these days of triumphant nationalities and the sacredness of the popular will, to impose on an honest set of German neighbours a yoke that is irksome to them. Then, again, the existence of the smaller States of Germany has often been highly conducive to freedom of thought. A professor who was tabooed in one university found honour and a livelihood in another; and one petty Sovereign enjoyed the triumph and the amusement of encouraging an outpouring of heterodoxy at which another petty Sovereign stood aghast. The chief cause of the hostility of Count BISMARCK to Frankfort was, it is said, that he had been bitterly attacked in the journals of that city; and if all Germany were Prussian, nothing that was unfavourable to Count BISMARCK would be printed, however true it might be. On the other hand, German Liberals plainly see that the stronghold of the Junker party is in these States, that the courtiers of the fallen Sovereigns will weave perpetual intrigues in the Court of Prussia, that the mind of the King of PRUSSIA may be easily warped by an influence to which he will be only too susceptible, and that a dreary stagnation, a pettiness and an imbecility, may cloud over German life, unless the annexed States are thoroughly Prussianized. The Liberal Party in Prussia has therefore decided finally that these coveted provinces shall be absorbed in Prussia as quickly as possible; and Count BISMARCK, glad enough to have their support, almost promises to push the KING in the direction which they favour.

The German Liberal has also to ask himself a very difficult and puzzling question. What does he mean by liberty, and what are the true relations of the freeman to the State of which he is a citizen? Only a short time ago it would have been said in England, and probably in Germany also, that the way to answer this question was to look at England, and to examine the English Constitution. It was believed that in that Constitution men had discovered the ultimate form of good government, and many leading Prussians studied English history and English law with that perseverance and in that fulness of detail which are so creditable to their race. But recent events cannot have inclined the Liberals of the Continent to look for much guidance from us. They turn to England, and what do they see that is worth copying? The good side of the English Constitution is permanent, and its merit is unquestionable, but just now it is not the prominent side. In fact, the disadvantages of our system of government have lately become so apparent that it is difficult to believe that the English Constitution is not on the eve of entering on a wholly new phase. Foreigners anxious for the guidance which in all sincerity we used to say we had to offer them, look here, and what do they see? A Legislature that cannot legislate, an Administration that cannot administer, Reformers that cannot reform. They see a great assembly meet and talk night after night, and yet at the end of six months it has done nothing. The most that the nation can be said to owe to it is the substitution of one Ministry for another. The Administration is very inefficient and very worthless. It cannot give the country an army even in an elementary state of readiness to defend the soil of England; it cannot set a navy afloat after having spent seventy millions in trying to get one; it cannot defend the poor against the griping tyranny of a set of low, miserly, arrogant officials. All that is done is to call together a Parliament, into which men of rank and wealth are eager to enter, and to procure his admission into which the partner of a brewer cheerfully spends four thousand pounds, never hoping to be repaid. Nor can it be expected that the platitudes which impose upon us should impose upon foreigners. We affect to think that all the talk of Parliament is very instructive, and that Parliament teaches the nation, even if it does not otherwise do much for it. So sometimes it does; but then Parliamentary talk also very often enfeebles and demoralizes the nation. It instils the persuasion that no wrong can be remedied, for all officials have glib answers, and all officials are backed up in their facile evasions by the whole force of their party. No one, unless he is a very small friendless person, ever gets much blamed under our Parliamentary system, for the offender is sure to be backed up by his party. Who will venture to

say that the Duke of SOMERSET is to blame if he has squandered the national money without getting a navy for his outlay? No one; a Whig Duke is as much above blame as SIGISMUND was above grammar. We are fast drifting into a foolish, prosperous anarchy, which gives us the delight of stroking ourselves and saying how nice everything is under the English Constitution, but which is not calculated to attract foreigners who find themselves beset by great and novel difficulties.

If we or they are to prosper, some way must be discovered to avoid the prodigious waste of energy, the complacent futility, the babyish trusting to luck which characterize the system of Parliamentary Government as exhibited in England. How this is to be done in Germany we cannot pretend to say, for it is difficult to have any clear notion how it is to be done in England, and we can scarcely offer to help Germans before we know how to help ourselves. The German Liberals must find out the secret for themselves. But we may observe that they have some peculiar advantages and some peculiar disadvantages in approaching the task. They have the disadvantage of having an aristocracy of the most pestilent kind, for it is not only bad in every way, but it is unquestionably believed in. Meek as an Englishman is apt to be in the presence of a lord, he yet never loses the secret conviction that they are both made of the same clay, whereas a German scarcely ventures to believe that the same God made "vons" and "not-vons." Then, again, the Germans have long been like wax in the hands of a bureaucracy, and have been moulded into such a shape as is dear to the official fancy. One of the things they need is freedom in daily social life, and they are not likely to get this quickly if an overwhelming strength is given to the Executive. On the other hand, they have, in a very high degree, some of the chief elements of freedom, such as freedom is likely to show itself now. They have more especially three of these elements to a very remarkable extent—namely, education, the habit of practical charity, and the love of intellectual truth. In the latter of the three they are wholly unrivalled in Europe; in education they are greatly superior to England. Their poor are far better educated, and have imbibed some portion of that sense of self-respect which is not only rare in England, but which education in England is very frequently made to stifle. In practical charity they may not be superior to Englishmen, but they are not inferior. They have also a patriotism which is deep and ardent, and diffused far more widely through all ranks of society than it is in England. On the whole, therefore, it may be hoped that the Germans are quite as likely to work out a decent scheme of free Government as the English were before the Reform Act; and we may follow the story of their struggle with the interest and hope with which one free nation should regard another, although with the modesty that becomes us when we reflect how much we too have to learn, to abandon, and to change.

THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE deliberations of the Union Convention at Philadelphia will throw light on some of the conditions which are indispensable to perfect reconstruction. The Democrats and the moderate Republicans are, for the first time, about to try the experiment of a coalition. To foreign observers their professed political objects appear just and expedient; nor is there any reason to suppose that the friends of conciliation are exceptionally influenced by motives of selfish ambition. There is always, to a certain extent, a presumption in favour of a minority, because the support of the dominant party is the shortest road to place and power. The leaders of the Convention will endeavour to sustain the policy of the PRESIDENT, and the fact of their assembling to meet delegates from the Southern States is a practical protest against the exclusive system adopted by Congress. Experience will show whether Mr. RAYMOND and his friends will overcome their feeling of antagonism to extreme Democrats, such as Mr. VALLANDIGHAM, and to colleagues who held office under the Confederate Government. Mr. ALEXANDER STEPHENS, lately Vice-President of the Confederacy, is a delegate to Philadelphia, and the Southern States will generally choose representatives who shared in the struggle for independence. If the Convention can agree on a declaration of principles, it may form the nucleus of a powerful party; but up to the present time there are few indications of a change in the Radical tendencies of the Northern population. Congress became more unanimous, and more bitter, as it approached the close of the Session, and the constituencies have not remonstrated against the policy of the Senate and the House. It is fortunate that

two years must elapse before a Presidential election, for, in the present temper of the country, an extreme Republican would be elected by the Northern States, and the South would, in defiance of the Constitution, be excluded from a share in the vote. It was by a happy accident that the Republicans gave the Vice-Presidency to a Southern Democrat, as a reward for his exceptional adherence to the Union. The choice of Mr. SUMNER or Mr. BANKS would almost drive the Southern population to despair, by placing the executive as well as the legislative authority in hostile hands. If the South concurred with the Northern Democrats in a counter-election, there would, for the first time in American history, be a pretender with a defensible claim to the Presidential chair. It is certain that Congress has no right to prevent any State from voting for a President, although the Senate and the House of Representatives assert the right of rejecting candidates for admission into their respective bodies.

It is not impossible that the Convention may disclose insurmountable antipathies among the different sections of the body; but although parties are unavoidably influenced by personal feelings and previous associations, the consciousness of being both in the right and on the side which will ultimately prevail may perhaps form a sufficient bond of union. The Southern delegates have, under the legislation of Congress, only non-electors at their back, but the re-admission of their constituents to their rights will appear still more reasonable and natural when they take part in those political functions from which they cannot be excluded by a factious majority. The moderate Republicans themselves have been inconsistent in demanding admission only for the class of Representatives and Senators which is technically designated as loyal; for, if the Southern States have a right to share in Federal government and legislation, they are also entitled to a free choice of representatives. Those who are proscribed as having held office under the Confederacy are the ablest and most patriotic citizens, and in some States none but cowards and traitors would be capable of taking the unconstitutional test oath. The grosser injustice of the Radical party rendered the more moderate heresy inoperative, and the attempt to impose restrictions on the choice of the Southern constituencies will probably be discontinued. The Democrats will doubtless make an effort to pledge the Convention to support the Fenian plot, for the purpose of securing the Irish vote, which has been hitherto always hostile to the extreme Republicans. There will be, however, a strong feeling against a servile imitation of the vulgar treachery of the hostile party. It will be impossible to outbid Mr. BANKS, and it may perhaps even be thought desirable to cultivate the good opinion of any section of politicians which happens to have conscientious scruples as to the conduct of national affairs. At the worst, the supporters of union cannot be more disgracefully reckless than the majority of the Senate and House of Representatives.

No criticism or prophecy caused greater irritation in the North than the doubts which were entertained in Europe of the possibility of restoring the Constitution by conquest. The complete triumph of the North was for a time supposed to furnish a sufficient answer to querulous or hostile anticipations. The defeated Confederates were disposed to submit with cheerfulness or resignation, and for a time the conciliatory measures of the PRESIDENT seemed to command general support. There were, however, serious impediments to immediate reunion, even if the difficulty had not been aggravated by fanaticism and intolerance. To some undefined extent the Federal Government owed protection to its negro allies; and, by an undesigned effect of emancipation, the electoral power of the Southern States would, in default of special legislation, have been increased by two-fifths. It would not have been difficult to settle the question of proportionate representation by a friendly compromise, but the establishment of a permanent superintendence over the Southern freedmen was evidently inconsistent with the sovereignty of the States. The PRESIDENT probably judged for the best when he refused his assent to the Bill for continuing the Freedmen's Bureau, for, unless the South is to be perpetually retained as a conquered dependency, the emancipated negroes must sooner or later be left face to face with their former masters. The demand for negro suffrage was dictated by an American superstition which involves an unconscious disrespect to the electoral franchise, for a political function which can be competently exercised by an emancipated slave possesses little intrinsic value. The ballot-box is not so much a protection to intelligent voters, as a proof that they are considered able to take care of their own rights and interests; but negro suffrage in the South would either be controlled by the superior

race, or it would be an instrument of Northern interference. The object of its promoters was conspicuously illustrated by the proceedings of the State Convention which caused the late disturbances at New Orleans. The Convention was originally summoned by Mr. BANKS, then military Governor of Louisiana, for the purpose of creating an ostensible State organization which might secure a vote for Mr. LINCOLN. As the majority of the people of Louisiana were then at war with the Federal Government, the claim of the Convention to represent the State was altogether fictitious. The injury, however, was inflicted; not on the citizens of Louisiana, but on the genuine Presidential constituencies in the Northern States. A short time ago, eighteen months after the re-establishment of Federal authority in the South, the sham Convention of 1864 thought fit to reassemble for the purpose of making a new State Constitution. A packed minority, representing perhaps one-tenth of the whole number of qualified electors, was about to confer the suffrage on the negroes, and at the same time to disfranchise the so-called rebels who formed the overwhelming majority of the population. It is not surprising that the injured party resented the usurpation, and it is probable that the PRESIDENT was justified in ordering the suppression of an illegal assembly.

If the Radicals who happen at present to have the upper-hand in Philadelphia use violence against the Convention which is to meet in their State capital, they will probably render their opponents the service of cementing their internal union. The Republicans and Democrats are already agreed on the propriety of supporting the immediate re-admission of all the States to Congress, and they may derive additional arguments for their cause from the scandalous transactions which have lately occurred in Tennessee and Louisiana. It seems impossible that the American people should approve of the scheme of governing the South by the aid of a minority which corresponds in position to the Irish Orangemen in the obsolete days of Protestant ascendancy. In the majority of the Southern States, Governments are already in existence, and the injustice of the Northern Radicals throws all local power into the hands of the most zealous supporters of the late Confederacy. The Union, which cost untold treasures of money and of life, is now only held together by the single link of the PRESIDENT's resolute determination. It is the business of the Philadelphia Convention to strengthen the connection by satisfying the conquered States that there is a party in the North which desires to restore them to their constitutional rights. The extreme Republicans naturally dread the addition of every Southern vote to the number of their political opponents, but in the long run the obvious advantage of the entire community will probably overrule the selfish interests of a party.

PRUSSIA AND THE SMALL STATES.

THE negotiations at Prague are all but over, while peace and the conditions of peace have long been practically secure. At the first news of the armistice, spectators felt inclined to doubt whether Austria would not have acted wisely in risking a final effort upon the Danube; and she had already lost so much, men said, that she scarcely could lose more. Such a gambling policy brought Denmark to an evil end, and it might have brought Austria to an evil end as well. We now see that it must have led to Austria's further injury, if not to her complete ruin. Had she even succeeded in winning a pitched battle against an army equal in numbers and flushed with victory, she would have had to retrieve a lost campaign, and then embark on a struggle of indefinite duration, with no resources in her treasury, and no enthusiasm in her outlying provinces. A protracted conflict would have terminated with Austria as it did with the Confederates in America. In an internecine German war, Prussia and the German populations of the North, with their *verve*, their wealth, their industry, and their moral prestige, must have beaten in the end, however long the contest. And it is now plain that the people of Germany are on the side of Prussia, and even look with complacency to M. BISMARCK and his intelligent patriarchal sway. At the commencement of the war, the Germans showed signs of aversion to the warlike spirit which was about to aggrandize Prussia at the cost of the blood of peaceful artisans and fatted fathers of families. Philistines have a natural and pardonable aversion to being trotted out to fight in the ranks of the Landwehr. But when fighting came, and the Philistines discovered that, with the needle-gun and courage, they were more than a match

for Austrian Archdukes and Bavarian malingersers, they felt that pleasant glow of military satisfaction which pervades the British tradesman after a Wimbledon review. The cannon hardly had given tongue before Germany awoke to the consciousness of the greatness of the cause which had been rendered distasteful for several years by the insolent patronage of M. BISMARCK. The chance arrived of getting rid for ever of stupid little German Courts, and of political subdivisions that, politically, socially, and financially, were only a dead weight round the neck of the German race. A reaction came, as a reaction had been predicted by all sagacious observers from outside. And if the duel were to recommence upon the Danube, Austria would this time find herself warring against the temper, the ambition, and the aspirations of a powerful and determined people.

So complete has been the change that M. BISMARCK can scarcely annex his newly-conquered acquisitions fast enough to please the Liberals who a year ago condemned and thwarted him. The opposition offered to the "little German" party, as it is called, who are in favour of a consolidated Power north of the Main, under the supremacy of Prussia, was faint and feeble. The *Kreuz Zeitung* and the King of Prussia found themselves swept down the stream, and no longer able, in spite of their adherence to old ideas, to make head against it. Hanover, to the ill-concealed satisfaction of its inhabitants, is to be at once absorbed, and even the reluctant Frankfurt is to become a self-governed and independent Prussian city. The Queen of HANOVER and the Duchess of NASSAU have been significantly advised to quit dominions that have ceased to belong to their consorts, and to give up hoping against hope. The support given to the annexation policy of the Berlin Cabinet is so complete in North Germany that M. BISMARCK has been able to frown down the timid remonstrances of the French and Russian Foreign Offices, and to inform them with firmness that Prussia intends to allow no one to interfere with her while she is setting her house in order. The utmost concession that can be made is that something may possibly be done for Hesse, and that here and there a little principality will obtain the doubtful blessing of being allowed to retain the shadow of a separate Court. It is clear that anything less than absorption would be folly, in most instances, on the part of Prussia. Honour and power are thrust, so to speak, upon her, and she would be insane not to take the goods provided for her by the gods. It would never have done to leave a number of neighbouring States in the position which M. BISMARCK was induced hastily to grant to Saxony. Until the union between Dresden and Berlin becomes complete, Saxony may always be a source of annoyance to the Prussian Empire, for Empire henceforward it is worthy to be called; and if Prussia were less overwhelmingly strong, Saxony might hereafter prove a weak joint in her armour. Already M. BISMARCK is reported to regret the qualified mercy shown by him to the Saxon Court, and there is no fear that he will indulge in a similar weakness when he labours under no similar compulsion. But if the triumph of the "little German" party were all, France, Russia, and Austria would have reason to be content indeed. The "great German" party, however, which is a still more serious thing, is daily making head. As we suggested not long ago would probably be the case, the populations of the South are growing more and more impatient of the dynastic barriers that separate them from the body of the common Fatherland. Baden is reported to have obtained favourable conditions from Berlin, just as Baden is growing less anxious to have favourable conditions granted to it. Probably the terms are sufficient just to keep Baden tantalized by a specious independence which only the Baden reigning family will be anxious, five years hence, to preserve. In Wurtemberg and in Bavaria the party of union openly declares its wishes for absorption in a tone less flattering to its legitimate sovereigns than to the Prussian nation. And it is a sign of the times that Bavaria is to pay so severe a penalty for her Austrian alliance. The French and Russian Cabinets both have failed in procuring a remission of Bavaria's sentence, and she will be left, after the Peace of Prague is signed, mutilated, impoverished, and impotent. The Bavarians cannot but perceive that the price they are about to pay for the privilege of being governed by King Louis is a terrible war indemnity amounting to some thirty million dollars and the loss of a slice of their territory, which slice would have been greater if the sum of money taken from them had been less. It is not unlikely that Prussia may satisfy the friends of some of the dethroned dynasties by kindly consenting to billet the ducal outcasts on Bavaria. The whole of the South German apple may not yet be ripe. Prussia

will doubtless pluck as much of it as she wants, but she can well afford to wait until the prize, which she now pretends to decline in deference to European feeling, is forced upon her by German acclamation.

Every contribution levied from Berlin upon these inferior States must be regarded as a tax upon German subdivisions. As time rolls on, the tax will have its due effect. The Southern Confederation, if it is the will of destiny that South Germany should ever get so far as a Confederation, must in the nature of things be entirely overshadowed by the North. Wurtemberg and Bavaria cannot afford to purchase a market upon exorbitant conditions, while the North, in virtue of its superior geographical position, can afford to do without Bavaria and Wurtemberg except upon terms of its own choosing. And if there were nothing else to attract Bavaria and Wurtemberg to the Prussian centre, there is always the great centripetal influence of German national feeling. German unity is fully as potent an idea to the north of the Alps as Italian unity is upon the south. What are the little aristocracies of Stuttgart or of Munich to the population, that surround them, that they should interpose between Germany and unity? Nobody cares about them, and nobody except the Court Chamberlains and the grand masters of ceremonies pretends to care about them, and the only support they can rely upon is the existence of local prejudices, and here and there a certain amount of Catholic and anti-Protestant feeling. The former are sure to be evanescent, and in the present situation of the Papacy the continuance of the latter is a matter of speculation only. If Catholicism ceases to be a political force in the south of Europe, it must inevitably cease to be a source of political division in Germany; and it is in this indirect way that Prussia may be deemed to be circuitously concerned in the fate of Italy and Rome.

THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE.

AN interesting correspondence has passed between the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and the late PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL. The chiefs have descended into the field, and we are no longer left to watch the wrangle between the subordinate officials of the Council Office and the National Society. Whether ACHILLES and HECTOR have made more of it than the Greek and Trojan hosts—reserving of course the question which is Greek and which Trojan—may be doubted. The theories of popular education are simple enough to enounce. Either you may have a school in which the religious instruction is entirely in the hands of one religious teacher, which is the strictly denominational system; or you may have a school in which no religious teaching of any sort or kind shall be inculcated, which is the secular system; or you may have mixed schools in which the religious education shall be confined to fundamentals on which it is supposed there can be no dispute or controversy, which is the Irish system as conducted to a complete failure by Archbishop WHATELY. It is well known that the Privy Council began by adopting the strict and intelligible denominational system. Every body of religious professors who could start a school received a grant, and no questions were asked. But this was too simple to work. Many places could neither establish nor support two, or by theory it might be twenty, schools; and in practice, in most of the parishes of England, there could be but one school—that of the Church of England. Either, then, Dissenters must make up their minds to forego the advantages of the only primary education within their reach, or they must consent to submit to their children being Church-of-Englandized. The Privy Council, as administrators of public funds contributed by all sects, were in a difficulty. We are glad to find that the Archbishop frankly admits the existence and gravity of this difficulty, and does not condescend to impute bad faith to Mr. LINGEN, or to Mr. LINGEN's superiors, in excogitating the famous Conscience Clause. The Conscience Clause is intended to meet the case of places where more than one poor school is impossible. What it assumes to do is to leave to the Church of England instructor the fullest liberty to give the fullest religious instruction to Church of England children, while it requires him at the same time to admit into his school the children of Dissenters or others who give him notice not to instruct their children in his Church of England doctrines. And, in further explanation of the bearing of this Conscience Clause, it is announced, as indeed common sense requires, that this Church of England doctrine might be conveyed by the teacher, not only by formularies but orally. The Conscience Clause, we have no hesitation in saying, honestly seeks to remove a difficulty, and we believe that it was honestly framed. The question really is, whether it will work;

and whether, after all, it is not the Irish sink-your-differences system, on the one hand, or the more secular principle on the other, only thinly disguised. When it comes to work, it is said to break down. As to the working of a system, those who carry it on are better witnesses than the officials of the Privy Council, who never took a class in their lives; and those who have tried school-keeping say that they cannot help touching on religion—and, touching on religion, cannot help giving it a Church of England bias, and inferentially, therefore, violating the Conscience Clause—even while engaged in instruction which, at the first glance, seems entirely excluded from religious associations. This view of school instruction the Privy Council and Lord GRANVILLE deny to be a natural one. They can conceive of a lesson in history or geography totally devoid of the slightest reference to controverted religious subjects. But their mistake seems to be that they cannot or will not see that there are historical, and even geographical, matters which can scarcely be kept free from a religious taint. For example, it would be very difficult for a teacher to give instruction in the history of England without letting his denominational prejudices or convictions peep out, and more or less influencing the scholars. No doubt, again, it would be very absurd to suppose that, in tracing the course of the Mississippi, a fervid teacher could inculcate the divine origin of episcopacy; but he could scarcely avoid, in explaining the colonization of the United States, letting fall some hints about the Puritans.

To this difficulty there are two answers—one which it is not convenient to put forward, but which is a substantial one; the other, which is put very forward, but is no answer at all. We will take the latter first. It is Lord GRANVILLE's reply. He will not see the difficulty. He professes himself totally unable to understand the possibility of secular instruction sliding off into an opinion on the doctrines in dispute between Churchmen and Dissenters. And he appeals to his own experience on this head. It seems that Lord GRANVILLE remembers all the private, all the school, and all the college education he received, and remembers it so accurately as to say that in his own case he never knew an instance "during the ordinary school lessons in which incidental moral or religious instruction was given in any way bound up with the doctrines in dispute between Churchmen and Dissenters." All we can say is that his Lordship has a very fine memory, and must have had very extraordinary teachers. But all pupils are not as Lord GRANVILLE, nor are all teachers such as those at Harrow and Cambridge in his Lordship's day. He must make allowances. There may be clergymen, stiff or enthusiastic, there may be young men fresh from Chelsea or the Diocesan Training College, who are not so prudent, or skilful, or reticent as Lord GRANVILLE's model schoolmaster. They cannot help being religious, and, being religious, cannot help being controversial in their teachings even on secular subjects. We may cynically think a man a great fool for "improving every occasion." But the State is just as much bound to respect his—if you like, silly—conscience as it is bound to respect the conscience of that profound controversialist Jack the hedger, who has his views on the quinquarticular controversy and the wickedness of a State Church.

These, however, are the exceptions. Under the Conscience Clause these difficulties do not turn up. We are assured that it works very well. The majority of new schools swallow it. It is imposed by the Court of Chancery, and generally accepted. We believe this to be quite true; but why the Conscience Clause works is, because it is generally treated as mere moonshine; and school managers, and even school teachers, are in most cases sufficiently well acquainted with the world to know that in practice these safeguards and guarantees are valuable only because they are substantially valueless. The Conscience Clause has a very sonorous, noble ring; but it is a counter which does not enter into general circulation. Of course it looks as if it did; but the instances could perhaps be written on a page in which the rector of a parish or the managers of a church school ever received notice from the parents of the young IULI of Nonconformity that they were to be kept free from the contamination of "My duty to my neighbour." Lord GRANVILLE may be perfectly right when he says that he never heard of such trivial and vexatious objections being raised by Dissenters as those on the possibility of which the Archbishop and the National Society lay so much stress. But Lord GRANVILLE is not prepared, we should hope, to say that they might not be made, and, if made, we much doubt whether Mr. LINGEN would, even if he could, pronounce them to be trivial and vexatious. Theoretically, they are very important and grand; and if it

was not to meet them that the Conscience Clause was framed and is enforced, it is not only an illusion and a delusion, but an impertinence. It is just the old story. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the Conscience Clause would never be appealed to; but in the hundredth case, trivial or vexatious as the reasons for enforcing it may be, they must be respected. And, if respected, we cannot see our way to escape the conclusion, that the Conscience Clause is a hardship to a clergyman who perhaps contributes four-fifths of the expenses of building and maintaining the school, and that he may not so unreasonably urge that, under the Conscience Clause, he is at all times at the mercy of any individual in his parish. As we have hinted, the best and most substantial vindication of the thing is that, practically, it amounts to next to nothing. The wrong is scarcely worth remedying which is so comparatively small that nobody feels it. The Conscience Clause saves the credit of Dissenters, but it happens to wound the pride of Churchmen. Its strong point is that it comes to nothing; its weak point is that it seems to mean so much more than it ever can come to in practice. It is therefore precisely the bone to wrangle about. There can be no doubt that in schools where the Conscience Clause is in force the teaching goes on pretty much as if it did not exist. The clergyman never troubles his head about it; neither do the deacons of Little Bethel; and where this is the case there is no reason to charge either party with insincerity or apathy as regards their respective convictions. But the difference between what law is in practice, and what law is to codifiers and commentators, is an illustration of the different aspects under which the Conscience Clause presents itself to ordinary school managers and to such extraordinary personages as Archbishops and Convocation. Such a sensible vindication of the Conscience Clause we shall not look for in print. How it can be defended we are taught by the *Times*, which, assuming every school teacher and every parent to have nothing but Conscience Clause before his eyes, tells us that the way to work it is this. Let every teacher be quite certain of what he is going to say, and let him say it with the Conscience Clause ever before his eyes. Of course, if he chooses to intersperse his teaching on common things with religious (and what may be sectarian) reflections, let him do so; only he must in that case warn off the youthful Dissenters whom he has pledged himself not to proselytize. It seems to come to this. In the middle of a lesson he must suddenly break off and say, "I am going to be religious," and set young AMINADAB to work out the puzzle of writing in figures eleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven. If the Conscience Clause can only be vindicated by this exemplification of it in practice, it perhaps deserves the doom which, for less valid objections, it seems likely not to escape.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

THE French nation has perhaps scarcely recovered from its surprise on discovering that Prussia, in the moment of victory, was not disposed to make a gratuitous cession of territory. The Emperor NAPOLEON'S good-humoured acquiescence in Count BISMARCK'S refusal has been harshly interpreted by suspicious politicians. It has been thought possible that the Prussian Government might be more liberal with the dominions of its neighbours than with its own, and that, when it comes to the turn of Bavaria and Wurtemberg to be annexed to the great German kingdom, France may be encouraged to console herself by an extension of her northern boundaries. The *Moniteur* officially contradicts a rumour that the Emperor NAPOLEON had addressed a reassuring letter to the King of BELGIUM. The English Government has, however, been informed that Philippeville and Marienburg will not be seized, because they belong to a neutral Power. As France is not a belligerent, it is difficult to understand how Belgium can be neutral; nor can it be altogether satisfactory to NAPOLEON to be assured that, for certain reasons, a specified portion of his vineyard will not be confiscated at present. It is useless to regret the failure of the most sagacious contrivance of the diplomatists of 1815. If the Belgians and the Dutch could have contrived to amalgamate into one considerable State, the freedom and independence of both nations would have been secured; but the incompatibility which split the short-lived Kingdom of the Netherlands into two dates from the sixteenth century, when the Spanish power and the Spanish religion unhappily retained their supremacy in one half of the Low Countries. The educated classes in Belgium, as in other countries, value the pleasures and the dignity of freedom; but the mass of the people, although they possess unusual intelligence, may perhaps hereafter be induced to invite or to

accept foreign sovereignty. The nation is almost equally divided between the Liberal and Catholic parties, and at any moment a defeated faction may invite alien intervention. It was perhaps not worth while to shock European opinion by seizing two fortresses in a country which may hereafter be appropriated in block.

In the meantime, the aggrandizement of Prussia proceeds with so little impediment that the kingdom seems likely to be merged in Germany, as Piedmont expanded into Italy. It was better that Hanover and Hesse Cassel should be incorporated into the Prussian monarchy than that they should be provisionally governed by hereditary viceroys; and it would have been convenient if all the petty princes of the North had provided an excuse for the annexation of their dominions by voting at Frankfort for Federal execution against Prussia. Saxony has earned by a gallant resistance the questionable reward of being devoured the last, or of being spared for the present. Count BISMARCK is not at the pains to disguise his disapproval of the arrangement, and he probably foresees an early occasion for ejecting an unwelcome vassal who will necessarily, sooner or later, attempt some act of independence. The petty dependencies included in the Northern Confederation will have reason to envy their neighbours who share in the franchises of an Imperial State. It will be absurd to convoke little Parliaments for Saxony or Mecklenburg, when the supreme control of all serious affairs belongs to the protecting Government. The Rajahs and Nawaubs of Northern Germany will be either tolerated or checked in the exercise of domestic despotism, but the liberty of the subject, and the respect due to the local Government, will in either case be habitually compromised. It is a fortunate circumstance that Germany is already familiar with the theory and practice of mediatisation. The innumerable Princes, Counts, and Knights who held directly under the German Crown were in many cases allowed, after they had been dispossessed, to retain certain personal privileges. There will be no harm in saving the right of landless Dukes and Electors to intermarry with Royalty, and the small potentates who are still permitted to retain a nominal sovereignty may gradually subside into the intermediate condition of their former equals. The patriarchal form of government by dukes, as it is represented by SHAKESPEARE, has become unsuited to modern exigencies. There is no security for the independence or self-respect of any community which is too small to maintain an army and a navy. In the ancient world the result of increasing civilization was the formation of a universal empire. The modern division of power among five or six great monarchies or republics is, on the whole, a preferable arrangement.

The advantage of diversity in race and language is diminished by the increasing tendency to a uniformity of institutions. Having created a great empire, the Prussian Minister at once proceeds to a measure which will probably prevent the establishment of constitutional liberty. A national Parliament is to be convened on the basis of equal electoral districts and universal suffrage. Although the Germans are more attached than the French to the theory of freedom, an adoption of the system which has lately been called Caesarism can scarcely fail to destroy Parliamentary Government. The supremacy of the masses means in all countries, as well as in Imperial France, the exclusion from political influence of landowners, merchants, capitalists, scholars, lawyers, and professional politicians, and the administration of public affairs by the paid agents of the Central Government. No class or corporation in France, with the partial exception of the clergy, is strong enough to offer even a temporary resistance to the Executive. It is probable that a German Assembly may be less manageable than an obsequious Legislative Body, but in 1848 the Frankfort Parliament presented only the alternative of anarchy or despotism. The delegates of a larger constituency will either reduce the Prussian House of Deputies to comparative insignificance, or they will themselves exercise merely formal functions. Experience has shown that the electoral system of Prussia, consisting of a wide but unequally distributed suffrage and of a double election, produces an assembly of independent and moderate men, at the same time loyally attached to the Crown and vigilant in opposing its encroachments. Promiscuous suffrage gives an undue preference to demagogues and to nominees of the Government. The French Legislative Assembly of 1849, which was the exceptional product of a Conservative reaction, found it necessary for the preservation of freedom and order to restrict the franchise from which it had itself proceeded. The contrivance of keeping a democratic Parliament in order by manipulating the elections, and by decorating five-sixths

of the members, was not within the reach of a provisional Republic.

Although the prospects of European peace and liberty are not altogether cheering, the consolidation of German power removes many chances of war. If there is any truth in the popular opinion that commerce is more beneficial than conquest, it must be an advantage to France to be relieved from one temptation to aggressive war. In spite of the traditions which have survived the First Empire, France would be in no respect happier, except through gratified vanity, if three or four more German provinces were to follow the fate of Alsace and Lorraine. In a defensive war the French nation is capable of repelling the attacks of Europe in arms, and it is not for the interest of mankind that the ancient habit of invading Germany should be revived. There is no reason why the inhabitants of two conterminous parishes speaking different languages should hate each other because the affairs of one community are administered by a Mayor, and those of the other by a Schulze or Landrath. The boundary between France and Germany has not been materially altered in a thousand years, except by the transfer of Alsace and Lorraine to a foreign Government. It is childish to confuse history by going back to CÆSAR and ARIOVISTUS, or to regard the acquisitions of NAPOLEON as constituting a title more sacred than the claims of ATTILA or GENGHIS to the countries which they overran. The persuasive power of accomplished facts is already beginning to tell on the Parisian understanding, and some journalists almost understand that it may be possible to maintain friendly relations with a Power which offers no contingent facilities for spoliation. Germany has effected for herself in relation to France the result which the Emperor NAPOLEON vainly hoped to accomplish in Mexico. The Latin race in the New World is as far as ever from holding in check the descendants from the English stem, but the belief that the establishment of an organized and civilized Power would have been advantageous to the Americans themselves was probably well founded. Nations, like private persons, cultivate justice and courtesy principally in their intercourse with equals. As the Rhine will henceforth be an object neither of cupidity nor of jealous vigilance, France and Germany may well afford to drop offensive claims on one side, and to discontinue patriotic challenges on the other. It is fortunate that the Emperor NAPOLEON is a more sensible politician than his most celebrated opponents.

ITALY AND THE POPE.

THE echo of the cannon of Sadowa has probably made its way into the inner chambers of the Vatican, and the rumours of the POPE's desire to attempt once more a reconciliation with the Kingdom of Italy are very likely based upon firm fact. If Austria has indeed consented, as a condition of the peace of Prague, to recognise in VICTOR EMMANUEL the neighbour she has so long ignored, it is high time that the POPE acknowledged the force of the current of events. Imbecility is only a modern characteristic of the Papacy, engrafted on its ancient character by a few incapable Pontiffs. The Catholic Church has no established and avowed theory which forbids it to be Catholic in politics, though the timidity of one or two generations of ecclesiastics has forced the Vatican into an attitude of hostility to the Italian nation. The POPE himself, or the theologians of Rome who inspire his pen, protested more than once against the narrower interpretation of his last Encyclical which would commit him to an unqualified resistance to accomplished facts, and awkwardly endeavoured to point out that he only objected to the broad doctrine that whatever is must of necessity be right. The Bishop of ORLEANS is neither a cardinal nor an orthodox representative of the Papal views, but, among other ingenious apologies for a bigotry which in his heart he disapproves, M. DUPANLOUP insists with reason upon the truth that every form of national institution has been accepted in turn, and even blessed, by the Catholic Church in various parts of the civilized globe. Singular as has been the fatuity of the Ultramontane world, its adherence to the cause of fallen and reactionary dynasties in Italy must be taken to be rather a matter of passion than of principle; and a royal reed shaken by the wind, like the ex-KING of NAPLES, was destined probably to be abandoned by his religious patrons the moment his cause became positively desperate. It may be said to have become desperate since the conclusion of the Prusso-Italian campaigns. Southern Italy, even if it were disposed to favour the BOURBONS and their House, is far more capable of being a focus of brigandage than of being a focus of revolution. It has not the energy, the will, the power of com-

bination, or the settled enthusiasm requisite for playing the latter part, and the North is well able, if not to stamp out, at any rate to keep under, any smouldering embers of discontent in the Two Sicilies. Looking around him from his nest at the Vatican, PRO NONO sees himself deserted. His old allies are gone, and gone for ever. A Liberal European Power has crept up on every side of him, almost to the walls of Rome, and the wave of Austrian influence has receded in proportion. The POPE therefore is alone, except so far as he can rely on the precarious piety of the Emperor NAPOLEON. *Sensit medios delapsus in hostes.* There are but two courses open to him besides the ignominious alternative of flight. He may either throw himself on the secular arm of France, or make his peace with the Italian Government; and both courses are naturally distasteful to an old man who has a childish terror of the growth of democratic opinions which he observes on all sides. To him the French EMPEROR is only the first French Revolution with a pious face and with ostentatiously decorous manners. And the progress of Italian politics threatens too immediately the status of the Catholic hierarchy in Italy to make it agreeable for PRO NONO to accept the future mapped out for him and for his clergy by the Italian Chambers. It is difficult for him to know what to decide, and meantime, if accounts from Rome are veracious, he hesitates daily between two paths, and is inclined at one hour to call the French EMPEROR, and at another the King of ITALY, to his arms.

While PRO NONO vacillates between the horns of an unenviable dilemma, spectators *ab extra* cannot fail to see that an alliance between France and the Papacy from which Italy should be excluded would be more or less unnatural, and probably shortlived. It is evidently the interest of the Emperor of the FRENCH, if possible, to form a triple union between himself, Italy, and the Papacy; but, if this is impossible, to secure for his dynasty the support of Catholicism in Europe. A league, however, between the Vatican and the Tuileries would be based purely on the material interests of the two contracting parties. France and the Papacy are both weakened by recent events in Germany, and the NAPOLEON dynasty, whose kingdom is of this world, and not of the next, has everything to gain by placing itself in the centre of a Catholic alliance. At home, the influence of the clerical order helped to consolidate the power of NAPOLEON III., and may hereafter assist in consolidating that of NAPOLEON IV. Abroad, the EMPEROR, now that Austria is crushed and that Spain is reduced to the level of a second-rate Power, might lead, and lead with advantage to himself, a Roman Catholic confederacy. But the life of the EMPEROR, in the ordinary lapse of years, must before long terminate. It is doubtful whether the régime that succeeds will have the same political aims or ambitions, and the Papacy, if it were wise, might well pause before it ventured on building its fortunes on the shifting sand of an ephemeral French family. The cleverest line for Catholicism to adopt would be to make friends with the democratic element in Europe; but if it is incapable of this, Catholic politicians might reasonably be of opinion that the Italian Kingdom will be a more lasting thing than Imperialism in France, and that a reconciliation with Italy would be productive of more benefit to the Vatican than a temporary subservience to the French EMPEROR. But, in order to make friends with Italy, it will be necessary to abandon a number of political crotchets to which the Papacy is deeply attached, and in which it is materially interested. Many perquisites and privileges of a temporal nature would have to be abandoned, and the Church of Rome would be obliged to content itself with spiritual power alone in Italy, and with that splendid and comfortable competency which belongs to a salaried religious establishment. The creatures of the Vatican, who are brought up with ideas of universal political influence, would not like this. They are accustomed to be independent of the civil power, and it would cost them a severe struggle to subside into the position of English or French Bishops. The only thing is, that in any case they will possibly have to come to this. Even if Rome's deliberate choice is to take shelter under the wing of France, Ultramontanism will have received a deadly blow. In France it will be at the mercy of that hated institution, the *appel comme d'abus*. There will be no more fiery Encyclicals. His HOLINESS will no longer be able to fulminate from the Holy City privileged tirades against French institutions, under the colour of religious counsels to the faithful. The Gallican Church must inevitably reign supreme, and its liberties be tolerated, if not recognised, by ecclesiastical authority. If it comes to this, the Vatican may as well make friends with the Royal protectors of an Italian national church as with the

Imperial supporters of a Gallican. It has nothing more to lose by so doing, and it has a good deal to gain. The Italian nation is more Christian and Catholic at heart than the French. Wherever democratic political opinions prevail, free thought also makes progress; but while the political portion of the French people is sufficiently imbued with the traditions of the Revolution to disbelieve in and to detest in principle a considerable number of the choicest Papal doctrines, a large part of Italy, if not disposed to be Papal, is thoroughly disposed to be Roman Catholic. The present controllers of the conduct of the Vatican are not great in political wisdom. While Pío Nono lives it would be absurd to calculate on his intelligence, or on the sagacity of his counsellors. Pío Nono is not, however, immortal. Whatever may be the decision taken under his Pontificate, it is evident that no unwise plan for Rome to follow would be frankly to embrace the national policy of Italy, and to make the best of it. This course may not be adopted immediately, for the present Pope has a benighted conscience which is tenacious of all projects that lead to his own destruction; but in time, and as years run on, we may look for the period when Italy and the Papacy will no longer be estranged.

There are those who believe that the Papacy would have a great career if it could make up its mind to ally itself thoroughly with the democratic element in the south of Europe. There is a difficulty about this. Democracy in these times is no longer merely a form of government. If it merely meant this, the Church of Rome might be democratic in politics to-morrow. Modern democracy, however, can hardly be taken to be the development of a political instinct alone. It implies a free habit of thinking, not merely about forms of government, but about religious matters also. A Church based on traditions is naturally antagonistic to such a tone of mind, and in truth it is not easy to see how it can coexist happily with it. One is rather tempted to believe that Catholicism will change, if it changes at all, to the extent of recognising national feelings and national institutions, while it will remain, as far as it can do so, allied to the Conservative element in each Liberal State. It may acquiesce in the doctrine of nationalities, without siding with the party which is inclined to push political theories to the extinction and demolition of all traditional fabrics—that of a State Church included. For nobody can watch the political movement in a country like Italy without perceiving that the extreme democratic section means not so much to force Roman Catholicism to unite itself to the national movement, as to reduce it to the condition of a mere religious sect. The Democrats in Italy are what the Dissenters are in England. They are resolved to destroy the predominance of Catholicism altogether. They will hardly be satisfied with a compromise like that which obtains in France. There is no country in Europe in which Church and State questions would be likely to be solved in a more logical and yet in a more extreme way. The best chance which Catholicism has in Italy of retaining that position which seems essential to its dignity and prestige is to become Italian, but at the same time to throw its weight into the Liberal-Conservative scale. This done, it might save something from the general shipwreck, but any association with Italian democracy would be as shortsighted as a resolute decision on the part of the Vatican to become a vassal of the French Emperor. It is not certain that the Papacy can save itself at all without ceasing to be the Papacy. If it is to remain a formidable spiritual power, its chief hope lies in the possibility that, by certain wise concessions, it may secure the support of that section of Italian society which, though it is determined to be governed by free institutions, is yet willing to remain religious.

An amicable arrangement of this kind is the more possible, because it is for the benefit of the French Emperor to reconcile Italy to Rome. And this reconciliation, on which NAPOLEON III. is obviously bent, is only achievable by a moderate reformation of the Papacy. Public opinion in France would not tolerate much longer a French garrison at Rome the only effect of which would be to uphold abuses, and to prevent the consolidation of Italy. As a military or political measure, a French occupation is no longer necessary. The fall of Austria has done away with the need of it, and it must not be forgotten that the maintenance of a Roman garrison entails expenses on the French nation which every day the French nation is growing less willing to endure. So far from running counter to French opinion, the Emperor is following it when he presents the Pope with the Hobson's choice of reform or ruin. Just at present France is uneasy about the aggrandizement of Prussia, and is not likely to express any strong view in favour of Italian unity, or of a breach

between the French Empire and the Pope. But this jealous feeling will settle down, unless Prussia begins to be aggressive—a contingency that is improbable. And as France settles down, which in the present state of the Continent she can well afford to do, and busies herself with commerce and the victories that are to be gained by industry and peace, a Roman occupation, like the Mexican, will grow more and more unpopular. It is better for the French that it should cease altogether, that the Pope should be compelled to make his peace with Italy, and that Italy and the Papacy and France should not be separated by any disturbing influences, as has been hitherto the case. We may therefore expect that the efforts of NAPOLEON III. will be exerted to bring about some reasonable compromise between Pío Nono and the Italian Government; and though Pío Nono is obstinate, and the Italian Chambers are not conciliatory, a compromise of the sort, as a consequence of the Peace of Prague, cannot be considered impossible.

HONOUR.

THERE are few moral codes which are at the same time so rigid in some respects, and so elastic in others, as the code of honour. Nobody could give a very clear account of what it contains, yet every one is ready to allow that whatever it says is of supreme and paramount authority. A New Zealander suddenly introduced to civilized society would perhaps find it as difficult to understand the capriciousness of honour as to comprehend the varieties of pronunciation in the English language. One day it seems to say one thing, and another day it speaks in a totally different tone. Occasionally it shrinks from the very appearance of evil, with all the fine delicacy of a sensitive plant. Every now and then it appears to be as rough and tough and insensible as the oak itself. It is not merely that honour falls continually to draw the line just where it should be drawn, or that fine casuists are able to detect its inconsistencies. There is a much graver difficulty than this about the case. Frequently it happens that honour turns out to be blind and deaf altogether in one direction, while it remains scrupulous and superstitious in another. It never goes about apparently without one wall-eye, and it is a chance and an accident on which side of the road the wall-eye may be fixed. If one had been considering the matter *a priori*, one would have imagined that a guide so fanciful and so fitful must be useless to help men to discern good from evil. Yet, when we come down to the region of experience, we soon discover that there is no moral code which influences the conduct of human beings more universally. Dishonourable actions are quite as plentiful, no doubt, as blackberries upon a hedge. Men are not, as a rule, any more strictly honourable than they are moral or religious; but there is this distinction, that men are immoral or irreligious without remorse, while no one flies in honour's face without feeling ashamed and degraded by what he has done. Falstaff is commonly considered to be a singular exception to the rest of his species in that he unblushingly reduces dishonour to a system, and professes to glory in what even bad men would acknowledge to be shame. But he only manages to defend dishonour against the common instinctive feelings which condemn it, by making use of a verbal fallacy. He confuses, in his notorious soliloquy, between honour and reputation; and then tauntingly asks whether honour can set a leg, and whether it is any use to him that died yesterday. But reputation is one thing, and honour is another. People care for the latter who do not value the former in the least. Many a cynic or a sceptic who regards present or posthumous fame as an idle breath obeys rigidly, in his private life, those maxims which are peculiarly supposed to govern the conduct and manners of a gentleman. It is true that honour cannot perform a surgical operation, but it is equally true that no one could live in comfort or peace with his fellows who openly acknowledged no allegiance to honourable ideas. There is honour among thieves; and if Falstaff had not mixed up the distinct conceptions of fame and of honour for the sake of a brilliant paradox, honour would not have been repudiated even by Falstaff. It is, accordingly, the more noteworthy that a rule of life which is universally accepted should appear to be monstrously capricious and incoherent in its decrees.

This incoherency must be patent to any one who watches the actions of men and women upon anything like an extended scale. There is a man's honour, and there is a woman's honour, but they scarcely seem to have anything to do with one another. And both are oracles that give forth an uncertain sound. The morality of the Persians in the time of Cyrus admitted of being reduced to a simple precept. Young gentlemen once upon a time were taught to ride, to avoid debts, and to speak the truth. An English gentleman's education is not so consistent or so precise. He need not pay his debts, unless indeed his debtor possesses no other security than a bare promise, in which case honour comes to the rescue of the debtor, and insists upon prompt and punctual payment. Financial obligations which have anything to do with horses, above all other debts, are sacred. It is, again, established as an important principle that the truth should be told as between man and man, but no gentleman of fashion—in other days at least—expected to be tied down tightly to the truth in his intercourse with the fairer sex. He pur-

sued a *bonne fortune* by stratagem and by deceit; and it was not only Jove who laughed—as Shakspeare says—at lovers' perjuries, for an experienced lover laughed at them himself. If we turn from love to battle, a similar phenomenon meets us. Sometimes it is discreditable to be afraid, but not always. A coward cannot show his face again in society if he turns his back to a cannon-ball or to a bayonet thrust; but a hero may run away from the cholera or from a mad dog. A gentleman is supposed to be obliged never on any occasion to exhibit fear of a gentleman who is his equal; but a gentleman who pulls off door-knockers at night, when he has nobly dined, may take to his heels, it is believed, before the police. Hospitality, again, is a virtue both acknowledged and practised upon principle. Yet the rousé who would shrink from refusing a visitor a glass of wine under his roof feels little hesitation about dining with a credulous host one day, and seducing his wife upon the next, provided he shows himself ready and willing to face the injured Menelaus in mortal combat the day after. And finally, to take a conspicuous example, there are a thousand acts of meanness which are habitually done, which no one would tamely endure to be reproached with. Casual speculation in the funds may thus be tolerated by an easy conscience, but only a base and poor soul would patiently submit to be called a gambler in public. It may be said that this state of things is rapidly passing away, and that the present generation is better, and more upright in its practice and professions than the generations which have preceded it. This may be so, and it is certain, at any rate, that true men of honour would stigmatize half of the above laxities of demeanour as disreputable and unworthy. But, looking at the past history of honour, we cannot avoid observing that such laxities have from time to time been held to be legitimate even in circles that would have been shocked to hear a doubt cast on their manliness. If these things exist no longer, at any rate they have been. They are irregularities bound up with the history of honour. Every religious and moral code has its curiosities. Some phenomena deserve to be classed as the curiosities of piety, some as the curiosities of conscience, and the phenomena above described are a few of the many curiosities of the code of honour.

The explanation of all this lies in the origin of the modern idea of honour, and it is to this that we must retrace our steps if we desire to understand what is otherwise inexplicable. Historically, one may go back to the days when a semi-barbarous feudal nobility ruled over a completely barbarous peasantry, and domineered, as far as they were able, over the first nascent elements of an industrial middle-class. Honour then meant what a well-armed gentleman of degree, proud of his person and his position, felt that he owed to his own dignity. Honour in such an age had not much necessarily in common with the *honestum* of Cicero or Horace. All that it enjoined went a very short way beyond what might be enjoined by vanity or pride. The *haut courage* of which Mr. Kingsley is so fond, in its primitive form, was not a very splendid virtue. It consisted chiefly of an innate arrogant resolution to hold the field against any single comer, and never in any case to give way to fear of a rival mortal man. An indomitable temper—*stomachus cedere nescius*—was one of honour's common forms, and a moral code springing from such a personal principle of independence could not but be full of glaring absurdities, none of which would stand the test of common sense. Truth incidentally became one of the characteristic good qualities of such a code, simply because a lie, when probed to its foundation, implies usually some sort of timidity at bottom. So far as falsehood was cowardly it was acknowledged to be objectionable, but where it implied no cowardice it rose to the position of a venial vice. Cruelty in like manner was hardly dishonourable at all. *Haut courage* was quite as capable of bullying a Jew as Mr. Kingsley is of trying to bully a Roman Catholic pervert. The influence of women softened and corrected this lawless manly spirit; but chivalry, as its name signifies, represented at first the ferocious virtues of a noble who fought on horseback and despised the humbler man-at-arms who did battle upon foot. As manners improved, the law of honour grew refined along with them, but the sense of personal dignity continued to be the dominant idea which gave life to all the code. Even among the gracious and courteous principles which pervade some of the exquisite old romances that are imbedded in the literature of every civilized European country, curious paradoxes are to be discovered which show that honour, at the best, was a strange thing. The lady to whom one knight openly professed a loyal love was as often as not the wife of the knight's neighbour; who, on her part, felt no scruple at returning the Platonic passion, provided that it was confined within Platonic bounds. Love among the troubadours did not always wear a matrimonial dress. According to a famous sentence of the Court of Love, the mistress who married her adorer, in gaining a husband, lost a lover, and was bound in courtesy to take another. King Matran's wife admits with pride and pleasure to her wedded lord that the conquering Roland is the chaste object of her fancy and her thoughts, and reminds the monarch that his proper place is in the battle-field, and that it is not for him to interfere with the feminine business of romance. Angry as he is at the announcement, Matran knows better than to dispute the established doctrines of chivalry, and leaves his queen in possession of the controversial field. Such, in Provençal poetry, is the law of honour; and if Othello had only taken a lesson from the troubadours, Desdemona would have been permitted in peace to indulge herself in innocent reveries about the virtues and nobility of Cassio. What personal dignity

allows depends in every age upon the customs of the time, and where the customs of the time are antiquated, the law of honour is antiquated too.

As man's honour depends on the received opinions about the dignity of men, woman's honour, after a like fashion, varies according to the estimate of the true mission of woman. If the rules of honour were entitled to rank as precepts of a moral code, they would be of universal obligation, and would know no differences of sex. But differences of sex in matters that relate to honour seem to make all the difference in the world. From a religious or moral point of view, chastity, for instance, would seem to be as incumbent on the one sex as it confessedly is upon the other. No doubt, in the case of individuals, a lapse from purity on the part of a woman appears to lead to graver social consequences than a similar masculine declension. Yet the fault in every instance is bilateral, and if the chastity of women is of importance to the world, the man who sins against it is responsible for half the injury that is done to society by each individual offence. Honour does not reason according to ethics, nor even according to logic. It merely looks at such things according to preconceived notions about a man and a woman's dignity. Feminine frailty is a crime against feminine prestige, and therefore honour punishes it with severity, while it inflicts no like penalty on a man's failing. When once it is admitted that personal dignity is the centre round which the whole teaching of honour revolves, honour begins to appear a moral guide of uncertain and even questionable authority. Ideas of personal dignity require to be pruned by reason, or they may easily become a barrier and an obstacle to the progress of civilization. When they assume an exaggerated shape they are a nuisance and a hindrance to the world. So far as honour is a sentiment based on a rational sense of what men and women ought to be, so far it may be trusted; but honour in a rude and uncultivated form will scarcely carry us much beyond the virtues of a savage. Like many other instinctive feelings, it is valuable when it consists of a subtle sense in harmony with the latest collective wisdom of mankind, but all instinctive feelings need to be continually reformed by the light of judgment and of reason, to prevent them from hindering that advance in morals which they ought to further and assist.

EARLY RISERS.

EVERY reasonable man—every one, that is, who gets up when he chooses and goes to bed when he feels inclined—has at times been vexed by the zeal of early risers. If two men take the same allowance of sleep, but one of them begins it at eleven o'clock and the other at two, the first will feel himself a moral head and shoulders above his friend. He fancies himself to be standing on a little pedestal of conscious virtue, from which he may, figuratively speaking, flap his wings and crow over his inferiors. He is always mentally voting little congratulatory addresses to himself, pointing out that, by his self-denial and constant superiority to the ordinary weaknesses of humanity, he has set an example whose influence can hardly be over-estimated. He sometimes has sufficient self-command to confine his demands upon popular admiration to a mere tacit assumption; but, however carefully he may act the part of modest merit, he glows with an inward satisfaction which can never be quite repressed. He could not, though he would, hide his light under a bushel; it shines through him as through an alabaster vase; he is too much of an angel among common men to be able quite to cover up his wings. If St. Simeon Stylites had come down from his pillar in the flesh, he would certainly have carried it about with him in spirit; he would have made some incidental reference to the "rain, wind, frost, heat, hail, damp and sleet and snow" which he had borne. He would have let his acquaintances know that it was no joke, whatever they might think, to stand twenty years on a pillar. The early riser is the Stylites of private life. He glories, even in secret, over his self-inflicted miseries; but, to extract from such recollections all the consolation which they can afford, it is necessary to share them with other people. He is delighted to speak with authority as to the state of the weather between six and seven in the morning. He brings in studiously unintentional references to his walks before breakfast, and he goes quietly to sleep after dinner as if he had earned a clear right to a little repose. Few people have strength of mind enough really to bear up against claims of this kind. Radicals, who say, perhaps very sincerely, that a man's a man for a' that, sometimes betray a perceptible awkwardness in the presence of a lord. No one will admit that mere wealth has any claims to respect; yet we somehow feel an instinctive deference towards a man with a good balance at his banker's, of which we are not conscious towards his neighbour who lives from hand to mouth. In the same way, few people really dare to dispute the merits of a man who gets up at six in the morning; he has accumulated a balance of solid virtue which gives an undefined weight of respectability to his actions. It appears to be merely due to his benevolence that he does not crush you to the earth with a sense of moral inferiority.

And yet, if we could only venture to make a stand, perhaps we might find that this claim is so imposing only because it has not been critically tested. Early rising is, to a considerable extent, a proof of imperfect civilization. In the East, everybody is up with the sun; as, for obvious reasons, labouring men are compelled to be here. But the invention of candles, and the change from physical to intellectual labour, have altered all the conditions of life.

The evening hours are now superior in almost every respect to those of the morning. In a social point of view, it is unnecessary to demonstrate that no man can enjoy society before breakfast. If it were often possible for friends to gather at that time, as they do at certain baths to drink the waters, the consequences would be disastrous; for nature has implanted in the human breast a quarrelsome, captious, and ill-humoured spirit which is always predominant during the first hours of the day. Strictly speaking, man does not become a social being until breakfast, and even then the instinct exists in a very modified form; many people read the newspaper at breakfast, but no one could be brute enough to read it at dinner. In those barbarous times when dinner took place about midday, supper was the really sociable meal, which has been gradually superseded by the onward movement of dinner. From all this it follows that a man's social tendencies are almost always in the inverse ratio of his propensity to early rising. When Cæsar remarked, "Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights," he evidently meant to condemn, not the unfortunate beings who may be physically lean, but the restless temperament which leads to early rising, self-conceit, discontent, and conspiracy. If people who get up prematurely are disagreeable, and even dangerous, in a social point of view, they will equally fail to justify themselves on intellectual grounds. Those who delight in always firing off small prudential maxims of the "early to bed, early to rise" variety generally denounce the practice of study at night. But here, again, the assumption seems to be gratuitous. The early riser descends every morning into a partial chaos; fires are smoking and green wood sputtering; every house is haunted by unkempt servants, with dusters and shovels, going through the hateful process of putting things in order; the world is slowly getting under weigh, and the machinery moves at first with slow jerks and creaks, and raising clouds of dust. It is absurd to suppose that such an atmosphere of discomfort can be more favourable to mental labour than the harmonious quiet of the evening, when a man may entrench himself in perfect repose, without a fear of interruption; when even London approximates to the quiet of the country, and when all the discordant elements of the day have more or less shaken into their places. Every smoker knows the superiority of the evening over the morning cigar; which proves that a philosophical and contemplative frame of mind is far more easily attained at the end than at the beginning of the day, a mental attitude of serene meditation being essential to intelligent smoking. It is true that a man's powers may be supposed to be fresher and less exhausted in the morning; but, as a rule, this advantage is counterbalanced by the diminution of restlessness and irritability, and the greater power of concentration, produced by the evening calmness. A man may possibly write novels before breakfast with success, because it is necessary that his sensibility to external impressions should be as lively and fresh as possible. He may of course do anything that comes under the name of business most effectively in the middle of the day. But he can hardly be a metaphysician till past twelve at night, except on peril of setting down all metaphysics as folly. Some detractors might, it is true, observe that this is because metaphysics are improved by the haziness of outline congenial to a mind which is too tired to be quite steady in its perceptions; but it is doubtless really owing to the fact that they require sustained and undiverted attention. Now such attention is impossible, so long as the meditator may be exposed to the cries of milkmen or barrel-organs; the dull steady sound of late carriages is rather favourable than otherwise to profound reflection. We, therefore, consider that, for almost all purposes, the evening hours have a distinct superiority over the morning for the civilized part of mankind, whose pursuits do not require daylight, and who know the use of gas and candle-light.

For those who have to labour in the fields or workshops, or to get their living by hunting, like savages, there are obvious advantages about making the most of the daylight. Now philosophers have remarked that an instinct, like a physical organ, often survives after its original function has become unimportant. Animals retain rudimentary claws or wings which have become perfectly useless, as a legacy from their remote ancestors; a dog still turns himself three times round before he lies down, because his great great grandfathers did so in the days when they were wild beasts roaming amongst long grass; and every tamed animal preserves for a time certain instincts which were only useful to him in his wild state. The sentiment about early rising is such a traditionary instinct, which has wandered into an era where it is not wanted. A man who got up two hours after the sun, in the middle ages, had doubtless, as a rule, wasted two hours; and the same would be true of a bricklayer at the present day who should begin his work at eight instead of six. It is right and natural that such proofs of laziness should be marked with a certain stigma. But it is too bad that cultivated beings should go on quoting at us their little hoard of maxims, which at best are gross anachronisms, as though they were eternal truths; and that even the most modest of men should go about running over with ill-concealed complacency, because they have arranged their day on an obsolete hypothesis. If a man comes down a few minutes late, they covertly or openly twist him with laziness; but they would be as much shocked if the same charge were reported upon them for going to bed prematurely, as a preacher of charity is sometimes shocked at being called uncharitable; it is true, he objects to his enemies as much as they object to him, but

that is because his enemies are in the wrong. If, however, we should be disposed to grant that there is really something in the claim which early risers put forward so pretentiously to the virtue of activity, we should still wish to know why it is of so specially offensive and aggressive a type. Why must they be always dashing it in our faces, and giving thanks at every turn that they are not as other men? Why should an early riser walk through the world wrapped in an invisible cloak of moral pre-eminence? After all, we are fellow-creatures, even if we are too fond of our beds in the morning. The most rabid of the sect must admit that a man is not necessarily a drunkard nor an abandoned slave to his passions because he does not get up at six o'clock; and yet, whilst mixing with the outer world, they always contrive to make it felt that all but themselves are more or less publicans and sinners.

An explanation of the abnormal development of self-esteem to which this and some other second-rate virtues give rise may perhaps be found in the very fact of their smallness. A man who has performed some great and heroic action is bound in honour not to boast of it; he may generally assume, too, that other people will be sufficiently disposed to recognise his claims without requiring them to be put obtrusively forward; but the family of petty virtues to which early rising belongs—punctuality, order, and so forth—require some additional inducements for their practice. They are not amiable qualities. Nobody loves a man the better for always remembering that procrastination is the thief of time, that a stitch in time saves nine, and that a penny saved is a penny got; on the contrary, we are rather apt to consider him as a standing insult to us for our own deficiencies in those respects. It is, therefore, provided, as a natural compensation, that they should give rise to a disproportionate amount of self-satisfaction. As a man gets no thanks from anybody else, and feels that the virtue is one which will gain its whole reward in an extra share of material prosperity, he tries to make up the difference by constant contemplation of his own excellence. The character which embodies all these characteristics in the highest degree is generally known by the name of a good man of business. That title, which sometimes implies very useful qualities, is not seldom applied to merely negative virtues. It is applied to a man who ties up all his letters in red tape, never misses a train, and always answers by return of post. It may also imply a sound judgment. But a large number of those who claim it are merely remarkable for their habit of going through all the forms of extreme precision and carefulness. Such men are generally more conceited than any other class of meritorious citizens. They look down with a contempt, sometimes affable and sometimes simply arrogant, upon any one whom they fancy to be less of a walking ledger than themselves. Fortunately, this is a kind of conceit which can seldom find opportunities for display in private life. The one virtue of the bundle which go to form the character is capable of making itself so offensive that it is just as well that we have, as a rule, to search counting-houses or lawyers' offices for full-blown specimens of the whole. Early risers are so capable of trampling us under foot, on the strength of that one qualification, that, if arrayed in all the virtues of the complete man of business, they would become unbearable.

THE FIELD OF HASTINGS.

TO those who are curious in centenaries the fact cannot be void of interest that this year is the eight hundredth anniversary of the Norman Conquest of England. In the course of the year 1066 Eadward died; Harold was elected and crowned; Harold of Norway invaded England, defeated Eadwine and Mercere at Fulford, and was defeated and slain by his English namesake at Stamfordbridge. William entered England, won his great victory of Senlac or Hastings, overcame the feeble opposition attempted on behalf of Eadgar, and was crowned King of the English in Westminster Abbey within less than a year after the consecration of the building. Till the Austrian Empire was overthrown in a fortnight, so many events were probably never crammed into so short a space of time. Even the great year just fifty years earlier, the year of the five battles of Cnut and Eadmund, hardly matches it. There is a greater amount of actual fighting, but the events are less striking in themselves and less momentous in their results. And in the events of 1066 there is a singular variety. The double invasion, the two great battles fought by the same King with such different enemies and with such different results, the contrast between Normans and English, so far more striking than that between Danes and English; the end too of the ancient dynasty, the beginning and ending of the new one—all mark the year which is now exactly eight hundred years back as the most wonderful in English history. In one respect 1016 and 1066 teach the same lesson. They show how in those days everything depended on a single great man. With Eadmund or Harold at their head, the English can do everything; when Eadmund or Harold is taken away, they can do absolutely nothing. And, as the hero revives, the traitor revives also; each King is betrayed or forsaken by a faithless brother-in-law. The treason of Eadwine and Mercere is less palpably black than that of Eadric, but it is essentially of the same kind. But, so far as 1016 and 1066 agree, the earlier year is a mere faint foreshadowing of the later. The interest of Assandun is great, but it is as little to be compared with that of Senlac as Cnut's minster of stone and lime with its single priest could be compared with William's vast fabric and rich foundation of Battle Abbey.

The battle has probably got the name of the Battle of Hastings from the fact that, when it was fought, the actual site was an utter wilderness. The Abbey and town of Battle owe their being, as well as their name, to the great event of the spot. There is nothing to lead us to believe that there was any town or village anywhere near at the time of the battle. The Chronicles define the spot only as being by "the hoar apple-tree," and Orderic tells us that the place was anciently called Senlac. The name is probably itself corrupt, and it has been further corrupted and played upon. "Sanguelac," the "Lake of Blood," was a pun almost ready-made, and this name seems to survive in the names of "Lake" and "Bloody Lake," still locally given to the south-eastern slope of the hill, where the fight must have raged with special fury. "Santlaches" is another form, which seems a pun of another kind. Orderic's Senlac is probably as near the real name as we can get, and it is open to anybody to make out its meaning, either in English, or, as it is the name of a natural object, in Welsh. We will not commit ourselves further than to say that the likeness of the second syllable to "lake" is probably accidental.

We speak of the "Field of Hastings"; but, as the fight was not fought at Hastings, neither was it fought on a field. The battle was in fact a sort of siege; it was the attack and defence of a hill, strong by nature, and turned for the nonce into an extempore fortress. Harold's position is indeed actually spoken of, with some little exaggeration, as a "castle." We must remember what the English tactics were. Harold commanded a force of two kinds. He had his own following, the picked men who had won at Stamfordbridge, and he had the irregular levies of the southern shires. The former were clothed in armour, and used the javelin as a missile, and the two-handed axe in close combat. The latter were clad and armed anyhow; some were absolutely without defensive armour, and with no better weapons than clubs, forks, and such like. But in the two arms which formed the strength of the Norman army he was utterly deficient; he had no horsemen and very few archers. An English army of those days always fought on foot, forming themselves close together in the shape of the wedge, and, even when they had no other fortifications, they had one in the shield-wall. For the broadsword, used as late as the wars of Edmund, Harold himself had probably substituted the axe. It was the most terrible of weapons; the Norman writers seem almost to shudder at the remembrance of the "seviissima securis," at the thought of the blows dealt by Harold's own hand, before which horse and man went down together. But it had this disadvantage—one pointed out by the Norman poet—that, though the blow, when given, was irresistible, yet, as needing both hands to wield it, it left the wielder greatly exposed to missile weapons while in the act of dealing the blow. For such troops, contending against the choicest horsemen of Western Europe, the policy clearly was to get a good piece of ground and to keep it. Their object was simply to stand still, and the Norman writers—from whom alone we get any details—are emphatic in their admiration of the way in which they did stand still; they seemed rooted to the ground, and never moved as long as they were alive. For this purpose no place could be better suited than the hill of Senlac. In its position it commanded William's march towards London; he could not possibly leave an army posted there unchallenged, and the spot itself was as if made on purpose for the English tactics. The hill, now covered, partly by the little town of Battle, partly by the grounds of the Abbey, forms a peninsula projecting to the south-east from the mass of the high ground which, in Harold's time, was still no doubt largely covered by the famous forest of Anderida. The ascent at any point would form a serious impediment to cavalry, and in some places it is steep, almost precipitous. Here Harold pitched his camp, acting no doubt purely on the defensive. The Norman writers may well be trusted for what some of them saw with their own eyes; they cannot be trusted for what they suppose to have been in the mind of the English King. That he designed a night attack on the Norman camp at Hastings is utterly incredible. The conqueror of Gruffydd and Hardrada had a general's head on his shoulders, and the place speaks for itself. Harold pitched on Senlac, because Senlac was exactly the spot for one whose warfare was to be purely defensive. He might charge his Norwegian namesake, footmen against footmen, wedge against wedge, axes against axes. The familiar details of Stamfordbridge which represent Harold as commanding a powerful cavalry are mythical. But against William's horsemen the plain course was to choose a favourable ground and there to await the attack. Harold therefore pitched on Senlac, and there awaited the attack which the Normans could not fail to make on the morrow.

The accounts of the battle vary greatly as to details; but in two or three main points all agree. As long as the English kept their ground, they were perfectly invincible. It was only when their ranks were disordered, when a place in their line of defence was left open, that the repeated charges of the whole French army, horse and foot, Normans and mercenaries, had any effect at all. The English, or a portion of them, were induced to quit their position in order to pursue a body of real or pretended fugitives. The shield-wall was thus broken; the Normans gained access to the hill, and the latter part of the battle seems to have been fought on its summit. Thus much seems clear, but the details vary infinitely. William of Poitiers speaks of a real flight of the Normans, of which the Duke contrived to take advantage, and, having seen its effects, ventured twice on the experiment of a feigned flight. Guy of Amiens speaks of a feigned flight, which

the pursuit of the English turned into a real one. But, in either case, this incautious pursuit on the part of the English laid the fortress open, and allowed other Normans to reach the top of the hill. The look of the ground, compared with such accounts as we have, leads us to think that this fatal error was committed by some of the inferior troops stationed in the rear—so far as troops in such a position could be said to have any rear—that is, on the ground to the south-west, where the slope is more gradual. The position of Harold's standard—or rather his two standards, the national ensign, the Dragon of Wessex, and the King's own standard of the fighting-man—is perfectly well known. The spot was marked by the position of the high altar of the Abbey church. The actual spot now shown is palpably wrong; it is the site, not of the high altar, but of the altar of the Lady chapel to the east of it. But, with this guidance, it is easy to see whereabouts the real position was, and the difference, of great importance in the description of a church, is of little importance in the description of a battle. The standard was pitched just where the ground begins to slope towards the south-east, that is, directly in the teeth of an enemy marching from Hastings. At this point the best troops of the two armies met each other. Harold's picked axe-men under his own command were attacked by William himself at the head of the native Normans. As we understand the battle, no part of the Norman army succeeded in scaling the hill at this strongly defended point. The rash pursuit of the troops behind opened a path elsewhere, and thus, in the latter part of the fight, the English lost the advantage of the ground. Still, however, though the advantage was now on the side of the Norman cavalry and archers, the battle remained undecided till the evening, when the death of the King gave the invaders the victory. At last the remains of the English army took to flight, some of them, as at Maldon, on the horses on which the chiefs had ridden to the spot, but which they did not use in the actual combat. And it should be noticed that, in the Tapestry, none but the light-armed are represented as flying even at this last moment. We may perhaps infer that the King's own following died to a man around the standard.

All the accounts of the battle agree in describing the Normans as suffering great loss through their horsemen being overthrown in a ditch or fosse of some kind, natural or artificial. But they vary greatly as to the circumstances. Some say that it happened during the real or pretended flight of the Normans, early in the battle. Others speak of the flying English as turning on their pursuers on favourable ground, and, through their knowledge of the country and under the cover of night, taking no small revenge for their overthrow. A comparison of the ground with the chronicles leads us to believe that both these incidents took place. The latter seems to be vouched for by the local knowledge of the Battle Abbey chronicler, who speaks of the spot as still known in his time by the name of *Malfosse*. Mr. Lower, a local antiquary, has, to our mind, fully identified this spot with the ground to the north of the town, the direction in which the English would naturally flee, and where the rough ground and the really steep sides of the hill answer better than anything elsewhere to the somewhat exaggerated description of the chronicler. But William of Malmesbury places an incident of the same kind much earlier, long before Harold was killed. The Normans, in their feigned flight, turned on their pursuers; the English defended themselves; some occupied a small hill, clearly spoken of as distinct from the main height, and, by hurling darts and stones from the top, destroyed all who attacked them. Others, through their knowledge of the ground, led them to a steep place, "*fossatum preruptum*," and then turned, and made a great slaughter of the pursuers. This account is confirmed by the Bayeux Tapestry, which, in one stage, clearly represents a body of light-armed English defending a small hill. Now this could not have happened on the north side; it must have been on the south. And the ground here exactly agrees with the description. There is a small detached hill, which would no doubt be occupied as an English outpost, and which still shows some signs of artificial defences. Some way to the west, but still on the south side of the isthmus, is a very distinct "*fossatum preruptum*," which, we have little doubt, is that spoken of by William of Malmesbury, and which is quite distinct from the other spoken of by the Battle chronicler.

There seems never to have been a more stoutly contested battle than that of Senlac. It raged, mainly in close combat, from nine in the morning till night. As far as we can judge, the generalship of the commanders and the valour of the troops on both sides was perfect. On each side we see displayed a singular readiness for seizing opportunities and for repairing any temporary disadvantage. Even when the English had lost their great advantage of ground, they fought with unabated vigour till their King was slain, and seemingly all his choicest warriors with him. The Norman writers fully confess that it was Harold's death which decided the battle. It is still more certain that it was Harold's death which decided the war. Had the great King survived even a defeat, William would at least have had to fight as many battles as Cnut had before he got possession of the Crown. But now, just as in Cnut's time, everything turned on the life of a single man. When Harold was gone, the treason of Eadwine and Morcar—faithless alike to Harold, to Edgar, and to William—and the miserable pottering of the rest of the Witan, threw London and England into the hands of the invader, almost without a blow.

SISTERHOODS IN ENGLAND.

NOT long ago we drew public attention to the opposition offered by a majority of the Governors of St. George's Hospital to a proposal that the nursing department should be entrusted to St. Peter's Sisterhood, Brompton Square. We then discussed what appeared to us the strangest feature in this opposition—namely, that the arguments which mainly determined it were wholly inapplicable to St. Peter's, and had but a very remote application to hospitals. The gentleman who discovered that our National Church and "admirable" workhouse system, with various other "privileges of beloved Protestant England," were in imminent danger, not only treated hospitals as if they were semi-religious institutions, but also held St. Peter's responsible for practices which are observed in many Sisterhoods, but from which St. Peter's has always studiously kept itself free. But, apart from all reference to the character of the arguments which helped to determine it, the decision of the Governors suggests considerations in which the nation at large has sufficient interest to make them well worthy of discussion. It is generally admitted that the nursing department at St. George's Hospital requires material improvement, and would be considerably the better for the introduction of a few first-class nurses; nor has any one denied that such nurses could be supplied by St. Peter's. This, at any rate, is the view taken by the Committee expressly appointed to inquire into the system of nursing pursued at St. George's, and composed principally of men who thoroughly understand the wants and working of the hospital. To all appearance, therefore, the necessary conditions of demand and supply exist in full force. St. George's would seem to want just what St. Peter's is ready to give. The arrangement involves, indeed, one important departure from the principles of political economy, inasmuch as St. Peter's does not ask to be paid. But this departure, however quixotic and unbusinesslike, is still one which might, we should think, be condoned by a large-minded economist, ready to take a tolerant view of the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures, and duly satisfied, after careful inquiry, as to the character of the article which he gets for nothing. We have indeed heard it sagaciously urged that "John Bull values at nothing what he gets for nothing," but this objection could scarcely recommend itself to governors of hospitals who themselves work gratuitously, some of them as hard as any paid agent. Yet, in the face of all these facts, the proffered services of the Sisterhood are declined by men who, whatever may be thought of their capacity and common sense, beyond all doubt have the interests of their hospital sincerely at heart. Their conduct is apparently due to a belief that Sisterhoods—being religious, not secular, bodies—are out of keeping with our present nursing system, and with other privileges of beloved Protestant England, and may even endanger our National Church.

Now, if there were any reasons for believing the conduct of these gentlemen to be exceptionally foolish and fanatical, their decision in the case under discussion would be of comparatively little importance. At the most, it could only affect the patients at St. George's, the majority of whom have nothing but the unlucky "flesh-and-blood" qualification—and not always much of that—to commend them to public consideration. The chances that a bishop or a member of Parliament will break his leg in the neighbourhood of St. George's are perhaps too slight to be taken into calculation; and even in that (for the patients) fortunate event the episcopal or senatorial limb might be entrusted to the best nurse in the hospital, and no large hospital—far less St. George's—is without some first-rate nurses. But we may safely assume, without undue stretch of courtesy or charity, that the gentlemen who arrived at even such a decision as that above referred to are to the full as tolerant and intelligent as a large sprinkling of their fellow-countrymen. The assumption may not be for patriots exactly a pleasant one, but nevertheless it must be faced, and it involves considerations intimately affecting the interests of the nation. All England is just now cordially agreed that our system of nursing in workhouses, hospitals, and all public institutions calls for a radical reform, and by many it is thought that even for the ordinary purposes of private life, for every-day medical work, a sufficient supply of good nurses is not at present to be procured for money or love. On the other hand, there is scarcely less unanimity as to the character of Sisterhoods, viewed merely as schools for training nurses. Religious considerations apart, the stoutest Protestant will admit that they are of the highest value. They not only supply nurses of the very best kind, ladies well-educated and high-principled, but they present the additional, and perhaps still more important, advantages of strict organization. A striking proof of their superiority has just been furnished during the distress occasioned by the cholera. Notwithstanding the urgent need felt for nurses, it has been thought advisable to decline desultory and individual offers of assistance from charitable ladies where the organized efforts of trained Sisters have been gratefully welcomed. Most valuable aid has been afforded by the members of other Sisterhoods to those in the parish of St. George-in-the-East, who for ten years have been doing noble and priceless work among people whose chief point of superiority to savages is that they have mastered the vices of civilization. We are, therefore, for a nation which specially prides itself on being practical, in this somewhat anomalous position—we declare that we want good nurses very badly, and we admit that good nurses are supplied by Sisterhoods; yet, as in the case of the Governors of St. George's Hospital, we deliberately oppose obstacles to their exertions on our behalf,

simply because they are religious bodies, or, as a contemporary puts it, because they "throw a religious varnish" over their good works. To the logical mind it seems at first sight as absurd to reject a good nurse because she wears a "religious dress," or has a "sectarian tone," as, to borrow Mr. Tulliver's homely simile, it would be to reject a good waggoner because he has a wart on his nose. But Englishmen are not governed by logic, and to run counter to a stout English prejudice is, like General La Marmora, to break one's head against a Quadrilateral. This is the cardinal error of the otherwise able and thoughtful letters which Mr. Capes has just addressed, on the subject of Sisterhoods, to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Mr. Capes shows clearly enough that the nation wants first-class nurses, and that a large body of English women exactly fitted to make such nurses want employment. He also proves that, for their work to be effectual, they must work, not singly or living apart, but together in one establishment. But he becomes utterly unpractical when he goes on to ask, "If the sight of the chasuble and the odours of the incense are a delight and a support to a woman who is just going to pass her day at the bedside of cholera or fever patients, why should we complain?" or why should we object to her submitting herself entirely to priestly influence, since "the clerical order is the correlative of her religious susceptibilities"? Mr. Capes is not writing to prove that the conduct and character of Sisterhoods are blameless, but to urge upon the nation the desirableness of "recognising and heartily encouraging them"; and therefore, without considering the theoretical truth or justice of his appeal, it is sufficient answer to say that the nation will not for one moment listen to it. He is knocking his head against a Quadrilateral. He might as well tell the followers of Mr. Spurgeon that, as the Pope is a harmless and courteous old gentleman who tries in his way to do good, they ought not to refuse him the pious pleasure of sprinkling holy water over them. On such subjects as the odours of incense and priestly supremacy the English nation has strong and deeply-rooted feelings, which, whether they be sound or unsound, it is utterly useless to ignore in any attempt to obtain for Sisterhoods national recognition and support.

And this consideration points, we think, to one reason why Sisterhoods in England have met with so much obloquy and opposition, notwithstanding their universally admitted advantages, and the fact that the country is acknowledged to be greatly in need of their aid. On what are considered vital and fundamental questions, not merely of doctrine, but also of practice and discipline, they have not been sufficiently in harmony with the whole tenor of our national character, and with all the traditions of our national life. If there be one thing, for instance, from which the English mind instinctively recoils, it is the despotic ascendancy of a priest over women, and yet this is one of the leading features of many Sisterhoods. They do not even recognise the supremacy of the Bishop, the authority constituted by their Church, and for whose character the nation has some guarantee, inasmuch as he is publicly chosen to fill a most responsible position, and all his actions are carefully watched. They prefer to give themselves up to the guidance of some one more or less obscure priest, for whose actions there is no such guarantee, inasmuch as his very name is probably not known outside his parish, and who runs great risk of having his head completely turned by receiving from them obedience and adoration of a kind which he receives from no one else. Scarcely, if at all, less repugnant to the English mind are their vows of perpetual virginity, and their practice of insisting that every woman who enters a Sisterhood should bestow upon it whatever property she possesses, including, it may be, ancestral plate and jewels which have been heirlooms in her family for generations. We are not, be it observed, now entering into the question how far these practices are defensible; still less have we any wish to blame those who have adopted them, or to forget that, when the movement in favour of Sisterhoods recently commenced in England, the Romish type, as the only practical model, was, perhaps not unnaturally, that to which the promoters of the movement sought to conform themselves. We are now only pointing out that, apart from its other merits or demerits, the present ordinary type of English Sisterhood has this fatal and insuperable defect—it is violently opposed to the strongest and most intensely national feelings of the English people. It is a painful spectacle to see such a lamentable waste of moral force of the highest kind as that involved in the strenuous opposition now offered to institutions which, for so many urgent reasons, should be accorded the warmest sympathy and support. And this consideration alone should induce the promoters of the present type of Sisterhood to reflect whether, by a too rigorous adherence to their peculiar views, they are not losing more than they gain—whether they are not, in one sense, sacrificing substance to shadow. Granting, for the sake of argument, that the highest and purest form of religious life can only be obtained by vows of perpetual virginity, by absolute renunciation of all worldly possessions, by incense and chasubles, by implicit submission of conscience to one priest, still may not these advantages be too dearly purchased if they estrange and even embitter a whole nation? It is not a choice between right and wrong, for we presume that the most bigoted upholder of these observances would not maintain that it is sinful to abstain from them, that a woman is doing wrong who visits the sick without taking perpetual vows, or giving up her property. It is simply a question whether a religious and charitable life, with unlimited opportunities for doing good, is not better than—let us grant—a still higher form of

religious life by which splendid opportunities of doing good are deliberately thrown away, which is so alien to the feelings of a whole people that, even in the hour of their need, it too often meets with vehement opposition where it should meet with cordial support. It must moreover be remembered that this national prejudice against Sisterhoods as at present constituted does not confine itself to those points upon which their doctrine and discipline are at variance with the feelings and traditions of the nation. It brings everything connected with them into more or less disrepute, and makes their very dress offensive in English eyes. Our contemporary, for instance, who certainly cannot be regarded as a representative of the worst prejudices of the nation, treats a peculiar dress as a sort of "religious varnish," whereas, as a matter of fact, it is simply a necessity. It enables the wearer in perfect safety to enter places which without it no woman, and indeed no man, could approach. Even in such safe and civilized work as that of nursing patients in hospitals, the Sister's dress is very useful, if not indispensable, for protection against small insults and annoyances. The dislike to the dress is merely a special form of the national dislike to Sisterhoods, which naturally extends itself to everything associated with them, and which occasionally throws discredit upon the most harmless works of almsgiving and charity. As we have seen, the patients of St. George's Hospital have just been deprived of the services of a Sisterhood which has studiously kept itself in harmony with modern English ideas, merely because it comes in, however innocently, for some of the hostility and suspicion excited against other Sisterhoods.

Nor is this occasional injustice by any means the worst injury which a prejudice against one form of charity may do to all forms. The danger lies far deeper than this. The abuse, as it is generally so considered, of the religious element in Sisterhoods naturally prompts a wish for its entire abolition. Our contemporary probably represents a strong party when he denounces all "religious varnish," and would have such charitable institutions as Sisterhoods strictly secular. Secular institutions of this kind may no doubt exist, and if they were likely ever to become as common as Sisterhoods, they would in some important respects be preferable. They would certainly be less dangerous to the community, and would run less risk of corruption. There is at Liverpool an admirable institution of this kind, the management of which we hope to take an early opportunity of discussing. But we must confess that to us it seems obvious that well-organized associations of women for nursing the sick, and for other works of charity, could never become common if conducted on merely secular principles. The success of Sisterhoods in their arduous duties is in great measure attributable to the support they derive from religious exercises and constant appeals to common ties of religious sympathy—a support without which some women can scarcely exist. Besides, even if religious zeal were not absolutely necessary and could be dispensed with, it would surely be a most unphilosophical waste of force to destroy so strong a motive-power merely because the vast influence it exerts may be abused. If it is powerful for evil, it must be powerful for good, and to abolish Sisterhoods is to throw away all chance of directing this power to useful ends by bringing them into harmony with the national spirit, and thus qualifying them to minister to the national wants.

MR. BRIGHT'S APPROACHING CAMPAIGN.

THE intelligence that Mr. Bright is going to open the Autumn campaign on Monday night is a very bad piece of news for everybody who wishes to see the Reform question settled on a broad and permanent base. The most formidable of friends, he has been the destroyer of the Liberal Cabinet which unaccountably chose to let him play wire-puller. The most ruinous of advocates, he has contrived to make Reform utterly distasteful to an able and important section of his own party. The most ill-starred of politicians, he has so unrestrainedly given way to vindictive passion, violent language, rash and hot-headed scorn for about half of his countrymen and for the whole of their institutions, that to trace any scheme, ever so distantly, to his authorship is at the same time to make it thoroughly dreaded and detested among the very people whom it was his aim to convince and conciliate. The incredible fatuity of the Liberal leaders in selecting for their instructor in the niceties of Parliamentary tactics a politician chiefly remarkable for the skill with which he has outraged his adversaries and estranged his friends, has been sufficiently remarked, and is being deservedly punished. But the worst of it is that Mr. Bright has not only ruined the leaders who abused themselves so far as to become his followers. He has thrown back the question which both he and other people want to have satisfactorily put to rest. And it is probable that every occasion on which he makes a political speech or writes a political letter, during the recess, will throw the question still further and further back. Mr. Bright never speaks out of the House without adding fresh fuel to the fire of resentment with which the majority of his countrymen regard his conduct and the policy which is preached with such aggressive and minacious rhetoric. His reckless and blind onslaught upon the Tory party at the end of last year was the very kindest thing he could have thought of doing for his opponents. The rudeness, the injustice, the indiscriminating contempt of that memorable diatribe made everybody who read it a Tory sympathiser by mere reaction. And is it surprising that the Tories

themselves should have resisted a Reform Bill which they knew to be more or less the creation of a politician who had spoken of them as Mr. Bright did at Blackburn? Christian charity is not a force that can be reckoned on in politics. The arch-apostle of peace, moreover, happens to be the very last person in the country who can claim it. Bitter anger without the smallest leaven of generosity, strong political passion without a single chivalrous sentiment towards opponents, virulent denunciation unrelieved by one gleam of magnanimity, are not traits of a kind to entitle their possessor to forbearance. When Mr. Bright ceases from intemperately maligning those who differ from him, he may more decently pretend that they ought to support measures that he has inspired. Meanwhile, his illiberal abuse and contempt of all who differ from him revolt everybody who knows what liberal principles are and believes in them. Hatred of bigotry is the note of all true liberalism. Mr. Bright is the prince of bigots. No Spanish inquisitor, no Scotch divine, no old Tory, was ever more filled with an unsparing animosity against people on the other side. It is something quite different from the mere earnestness of sincere conviction. It is downright black intolerance. And ever so slight a deviation from the narrow track that leads to political salvation is enough to consign you to political perdition. The "educated Liberal" is as great a sinner and as vile a blockhead as the most retrograde of Tories. It is this unseemly union of such narrowness with such ferocity which stamps Mr. Bright as at heart the least liberal of mankind. The true Liberal admits the good intentions of his opponent and recognises whatever good side there may be to his opponent's views, and this does not necessarily prevent his opposition from being as vigorous and uncompromising as Mr. Bright's. But the member for Birmingham denies that the intentions of anybody who opposes his own plan can be other than mean and malevolent. He sees nothing in any view from which he differs but stupidity and selfishness. The result is that, when he tries to curse his enemy most bitterly, he is in truth blessing him most effectively. His one-sided intemperate oburgation is just what Englishmen most keenly dislike, and it is highly creditable to our political temper that this should be so. When a politician stigmatizes a straightforward political combination to defeat some measure which he happens to have at heart as a "dirty conspiracy," he is only strengthening the hostile cause. He lowers his own character, he indicates the logical weakness of what he wishes, and he disgusts those who agree with him by his acrid, inflammatory, and ungenerous abuse of those who do not agree with him. Many persons who were entirely favourable to a Reform Bill could not help viewing with a doubtful eye a measure recommended by the man who could be so virulent, so unjust, so little magnanimous, as to call statesmen like Lord Stanley and Mr. Lowe dirty conspirators.

This offensive and false expression was not Mr. Bright's most important contribution to the Conservative and Addlamite cause. It went a long way in making some of the best Liberals in the country recoil from anything whatever that could possibly find favour in Mr. Bright's eyes. But this disgust on his own side was magnified a thousandfold when, from ignoble aspersion, he passed on to truculent appeals to physical force. Persistent vituperation of rivals is the natural diversion of an ungenerous nature, and it does no harm except to the vituperator and his own cause. Undisguised invitations to a London mob to assemble about the House of Commons are more dangerous and more sinister than this. To keep calling political rivals by ugly names is a harmless weakness compared with the detestable desire that these rivals should be intimidated by the violence of a crowd into compliance with the crowd's imaginary wishes. Afterwards, when the Government Bill had been rejected, Mr. Bright went still further. True, the rejection had been principally due to himself. First, he had gone out of his way, when the Bill was being hatched, to make a fierce assault, quite as odious to Liberals as Tories, upon the party without whom the Bill could scarcely be expected to pass. Secondly, when he had exasperated them in this wanton style, he advised the Government to treat Reform piecemeal, and so gave the Tories a just idea of the weakness of those whom they had been provoked to resist. Thirdly, he disgusted all fair-minded people with his ill-timed Sunday letter about the dirty conspirators. Lastly, he alarmed and infuriated everybody by his flagitious talk about forcing the Bill down the throat of the Legislature by means of "demonstrations"—demonstrations, that is to say, of physical strength. Failure, however, had no lesson for him. That all his vituperation and all his openly declared wishes for coercion had only increased the number of his opponents, and intensified their resolution, discouraged and warned him not at all. Mr. Bright seems to have thought that the only reason why violence had failed was that there had not been violence enough. His mind seems to have lost the belief of the old Anti-Corn Law days, that truth triumphs by reasoning, and not by cuffs and bludgeons and vilification. The only available instrument he looks to for carrying conviction is physical force. So he became the aider and abettor of Beales M.A. He invited disorder, and then he congratulated the perpetrators of it. After fomenting disturbance and recommending a deliberate defiance of the legally constituted authorities of the country, he declared to Beales M.A. that he, Beales M.A., had done his work nobly. The lawless outrages in the Park represent Mr. Bright's notion of a noble work. To defy the authorities and to lay a train for a violent breach of the peace are at the present time, in his eyes, among the loftiest duties of every patriotic citizen. This avowed championship of disorder is the most fatal

of all Mr. Bright's blunders. It will be the least readily forgotten, and the least readily forgiven. Wilful breach of law and wanton destruction of property, whether perpetrated personally or by proxy, are offences which the nation is less disposed to tolerate now than it ever was, and for a good reason. The laws are juster and they are more equally administered than they ever were before. In identifying himself with the lawless folly of the Leaguers, Mr. Bright has let it be plainly seen that there is no instrument too violent or too ignoble for him to condescend to use.

Remembering, therefore, the political history of the last nine months, we find no reason to anticipate that Mr. Bright will say or do anything during the autumn and winter that will help the nation to a solution of the Reform difficulty in the spring. He never has said or done anything to help us, so why should he help us now? We look in vain through the Parliamentary chronicles for any Bill or other form of definite project from Mr. Bright. He has been simply the irresponsible critic of other people's Bills. The subject of Reform has advanced far beyond the point where bitter vituperation and inflammatory harangues can be of any service in bringing about the desired settlement. It has advanced, therefore, beyond a point where Mr. Bright is likely to do any good, unless he changes the mood of long years, and, instead of hating his opponents so bitterly, takes to supporting those who desire the political movement which he professes to desire. But the change is highly improbable. The immediate delight of gratifying for the moment the fierceness of his political passion seems far stronger with him than the prospective delight that might come to him from the attainment of his political wishes and the success of his plans. Yet it is impossible to accuse him of an incapacity for self-control. In the House of Commons he knows how to command his feelings and restrain his tongue. Nothing could, on the whole, have been more moderate or in better taste than his speech on Earl Grosvenor's amendment. So that, when he flies in the face of his own interests and of his own objects, his mistake can hardly be the result of simple infatuation, as it might seem. The effect, however, of this deliberate preference of the expression of passionate resentment over judgment and policy is equally provoking to the considerable section who would like an honest Bill as much as Mr. Bright would like it, but who, unlike Mr. Bright, have learnt by experience that people are instantly frightened away by arrogant and menacing dictation. The arguments for Reform are so strong, and, what is more important, they are strong from so many points of view—that is, there are so many sets of arguments for it—that but for Mr. Bright's truculence and the silliness of such puny imitators as Beales M.A., the great obstacle to all other useful legislation might soon be removed. As it is, the too probable result of Mr. Bright's campaign will be new truculence, more mischievous ill-will, more incitements to violence, on his part; and on the part of those educated classes with whom Mr. Bright has so little sympathy, greater disgust, greater alarm, and a more resolute determination to withstand any measure that is to be promoted by terrorism and public disorder.

JURIES AND THE LAW OF COSTS.

A LITTLE incident is reported as occurring at the Norwich Assizes which is of far greater importance in the administration of justice than it may appear to be to those not practically acquainted with legal proceedings. In a case of libel tried at those assizes, the jury, after remaining some time in deliberation, returned into court and requested the presiding judge, Lord Chief Justice Erle, to inform them what amount of damages would carry the costs of the action for the plaintiff. The Chief Justice at once gave them the information which they sought, and the jury acted on it by finding a verdict for the plaintiff, but with an amount of damages below the sum necessary to saddle the defendant with the costs. The jury obviously considered that although the letter which was the subject of the action was in law a libel, yet the circumstances were not such as to justify them in inflicting upon the defendant the heavy penalty of paying all the costs of both sides.

At first sight there is nothing very remarkable in this. Nothing would appear to be more natural than the request of the jury for this information, and nothing more a matter of course than for the judge to give it. For the discouragement of frivolous and vexatious actions, a number of statutes, some ancient, some modern, have provided that, in particular classes of actions—that for libel among the number—the plaintiff should not recover any costs unless the damages awarded amount to a certain sum. No provision of the law can be more reasonable than this. It would be a monstrous state of things if a man should bring an action for a libel where a jury considered a farthing sufficient compensation for the injury sustained, and yet be entitled, in recovering that farthing, to put his opponent to the expense of several hundred pounds. In this particular case the law has provided forty shillings as the limit below which the penalty of costs shall not attach. The limit in all conscience is low enough. If any man writes an article by which his neighbour's character is injured to the extent of forty shillings, he does so under the penalty, or at least the risk, of paying the entire costs of an action. If any man is foolish enough to go to law because something is published of him which has not damaged his reputation to the value of forty shillings, there is certainly no great hardship in leaving him to pay his own costs.

To ordinary understandings it seems perfectly obvious that this

rule of law is one above all others designed and intended for the guidance of the tribunal which is to assess the damages. The law has made the most important distinction between an assessment of damages at thirty-nine shillings and an assessment at forty shillings. In the first case, the law considers the libel to be of a character so mitigated that the defendant ought not to be visited with costs; in the other case, it treats it as a grievance that ought to be punished by the penalty of costs. The whole value of the rule consists in its intelligent application. It is intended to give to the jury the power of determining whether the defendant ought to pay costs or not. In aggravated cases, where the plaintiff is entitled to heavy damages, the question never can arise. There are frequently cases, however, in which the plaintiff may not be entitled to any large compensation, yet in which he ought to recover the expenses to which he is necessarily put. In all cases of this nature, the right to recover costs depends upon the question whether the action ought to have been brought. If the act of the defendant fairly provoked the action, then the plaintiff has a just claim to be indemnified against the costs. If, on the other hand, the plaintiff wantonly seizes an opportunity for litigation, he ought to pay for the luxury of gratifying his taste. It is for the tribunal which assesses the damages, by fixing them above or below the line, to say to which class of proceeding any particular action belongs.

It is scarcely to be credited—nevertheless it is the fact—that the almost invariable practice of judges has been to refuse to answer questions such as that put by the Norwich jury to Lord Chief Justice Erle. The reply almost invariably has been a solemn admonition to the jury that the question of costs was one with which they had nothing to do—that they must form their verdict irrespectively of consequences, and that they must assess the damages according to their consciences, without the slightest care whether their verdict carries with it an additional penalty of fifty or a hundred times the amount for which it is nominally given. In present times the practice has become actually inveterate, and even judges who did not fail to see its absurdity have conformed to it merely because all other judges did the same.

If so many grave and reverend sages of the law had not adopted it, plain men might say that no course could be conceived more opposed to the whole spirit of British law, more directly subversive of the very object of the statutes limiting the right to costs, or, indeed, we may venture to say, more opposed to common sense. The law of England presumes that every man knows the law, and it assumes that every person called as a juror is acquainted, among the other statutes, with those regulating costs. We have heard of an advocate who, when stopped in an address to the jury on an argument that a verdict for forty shillings in a vexatious action would carry costs, immediately apologized for his mistake, but went on to say that his only mistake was in presuming to give the jury any information—for that, according to the settled doctrine of the laws of England, each of them knew all the statutes just as well as either himself or the judge. He carried his point amid the laughter of the court, and the absurdity of requiring jurymen to be exceptionally ignorant of the law was practically and successfully exposed. It is a more homely way of putting the point to say that there was not one of the jury who might not with perfect propriety, before he went into court, have acquired the information from any book or any person competent to inform him; still better by reading the statute for himself. We can even conceive a juror very solicitous about the discharge of his duty taking care to acquire this very information to guide him in its discharge. Would any judge venture to tell a jurymen who did so that he violated his duty? Blackstone, if we remember right, used to lecture the sons of country gentlemen upon the importance of their learning something of the laws of the country, in order to fit them for discharging their duties as jurors. He would hardly have acquiesced in a practice which assumes that the more ignorant the juror the better qualified he is for his position.

But the truth is, it is impossible to keep juries entirely in the dark. The very asking of the question implies that they know more than half the law, because it shows that they are acquainted with the existence of a rule which fixes some line below which costs shall not be given. In this, as in all other things, a little learning is a dangerous thing, and when jurors are refused accurate information by the judge, it is more than possible that they may fix an inaccurate limit for themselves. Most probably some one of the jury either knows, or imagines he knows, the exact terms of the rule. The rest adopt his statement, and the only difference is that they act upon irregular and very probably erroneous information, instead of being guided by the proper and authentic information of the judge. If they can get no information they will be almost certain to act upon a guess. The practical result is that they do regulate the amount of their verdict by the consideration of its effect upon the costs, but they proceed, in all likelihood, upon a mistake.

The right of a jury to such information rests, however, upon higher grounds. It is the constitutional right of jurors to know the law which they are administering, and to be informed of the consequences of their verdict. In a trial for homicide, no judge would ever dream of concealing from a jury that by their verdict of murder the life of the prisoner would be forfeited, while by a verdict for manslaughter it would be spared. In every case, no doubt, a juror must act upon his own convictions, without

being deterred from a true verdict by the consequences which the law attaches to the act. But it is mere childishness to say that, except as it may influence the costs, there is or can be any rule of conscience which compels a jurymen to assess damages for a libel at forty shillings instead of thirty-nine. Even in the case in which he hesitates between a verdict of murder and manslaughter, he is bound to remember that the effect of the former is a forfeiture of life. Abstractedly, it cannot alter the nature of the homicide that the law attaches the sentence of death to one verdict and not to the other. But the juror would very ill discharge his duty who, in balancing his opinion, would disregard the consequences of his verdict. Much more clearly is he bound to consider the consequences when the question is restricted to the simple one of how much the plaintiff ought to pay. The conscience would be a very perverse one which would prompt a jurymen to say, "I do not think the defendant ought to pay the costs of this action, but I am satisfied the plaintiff ought to get forty shillings compensation, and I will not violate my conscience by giving him only thirty-nine shillings elevenpence three-farthings. I must as an honest man give him the additional farthing, although by doing so I give him 200*l.* which I believe he ought not to get." The truth is that, in estimating the damages which ought to be given for an injury like that of libel, there is not, and there cannot be, any inflexible measure. It can only be said that, in calculating a matter so incapable of exact appreciation, the jury must take all the circumstances into consideration, and one of the most important of these circumstances is the liability to costs. The very policy of the law is to enable the jury in a vexatious action, by giving a small verdict, to deprive the plaintiff of costs. To carry out this policy, it is essential that they should be under no misapprehensions as to the amount by keeping within which they will attain that end.

The course taken by Lord Chief Justice Erle appears to be both the sensible and the constitutional one. The judge ought to give to the jury all the information they desire as to the consequences of their verdict, leaving them to act with the light of that information as in their consciences they think fit. Any other course is founded upon a low view both of the duties and the privileges of jurors. The high authority of Lord Chief Justice Erle ought to be sufficient to put an end to an evil practice which had almost become an established one. No judge, we may presume, will in future refuse to a jury correct information as to the law restricting the right of the plaintiff to costs; and juries will not hereafter administer that law after a fashion approaching to a game of blind man's buff. As the most authoritative correction of the absurdity which was prevalent, the answer of Chief Justice Erle to the jury who tried the case of *Atthill v. Soman* is worthy of being noticed as a memorable incident in the administration of the law.

THE ADMIRALTY FARCE:

"MY Lords" have commenced their annual farce with that solemn gravity which is always one of the most telling points in low comedy. If their inspection really meant something, they could not have assumed a more decided look of earnestness and business. They hasten from dockyard to dockyard, from arsenal to arsenal, from ship to ship, from barrack to barrack, just for all the world as if they were engaged on some transaction of great significance and moment. They muster and inspect crews without end, while, from the quantity of "splendid practice with shot and shell" which they are reported to witness every day, it is clear that the gunnery department of the British navy is in the most perfect condition imaginable. In order to understand the zeal of these faithful public servants, let us recount what they got through one day between half-past ten in the forenoon and luncheon-time. They first inspected 1,583 officers and men of the Steam Reserve. Then they visited a screw troop-ship, and made themselves thoroughly masters of the general means of accommodation for the crew and troops, the cooking galleys, and so on. Next they mustered and inspected the crew of the *Victory*; then of the *St. Vincent*; then of the *Duke of Wellington*. After these three ships came the *Excellent*, with the inevitable splendid gun-practice as usual. The most penurious of taxpayers would hardly grudge luncheon to men who had achieved such a forenoon's work as this. Afterwards, having secured the addition of the immense naval knowledge of the First Lord, who had spent the forenoon in inspecting and being inspected by sixty-seven naval officers and chaplains, they proceeded to see that the Haslar boatyard and patent slipway were in good order and efficiency. It would be impertinent and unpatriotic to doubt whether Mr. Ducane and Lord Henry Lennox are fully able to tell in five minutes how far a patent slipway is in a state of efficiency. Still one cannot help wondering whether, three months ago, Mr. Ducane had the least idea what a patent slipway is. But knowledge of the subject is of no consequence. A Lord of the Admiralty is a Lord of the Admiralty, and an inspection is an inspection. And if Lords of the Admiralty cannot inspect, what can they do? If the reports are accurate, their powers in this line are marvellous indeed. On Saturday, for instance, they paid a visit to the Channel Fleet anchored at Portland, and between eleven o'clock and something before twelve they had proceeded to each of the vessels of the squadron—six apparently in number—and inspected them all throughout. One would think that three-quarters of an hour would not be too much for the examination of the *Hector* alone, to say nothing of

the five others. This detail of their Lordships' proceedings sheds new light on what is meant by inspection. It can scarcely mean more than a rapid walk from stem to stern. At all events their Lordships satisfied themselves that the *Achilles*, the *Hector*, and the rest were actually in existence, and on the spot. And this we can well believe, considering the state in which the Duke of Somerset has left the navy, was a gratifying surprise to them. Possibly the object of the inspection was simply this—to find out whether there were any ships at all, or whether the Channel Fleet was not as baseless a myth as all the rest that the Board was so amply credited with. After all that has come to light about ships that were supposed to be in existence, when in truth they were no more in existence than the trimmings which were engaged at the Battle of Actium, nobody would have been much surprised if Sir John Pakington had tried in vain to inspect the Channel Fleet. No blundering or folly could be attributed to the Admiralty too gross or imbecile to find general credence. The Board appears to exist for the simple purpose of providing the nation with a periodical supply of nightmares. Only Admiralty nightmares are never too horrible to come true.

Nobody would care very much about the sham inspection which is now in progress, if it were the only sham about the British navy. Sir John Pakington is no weaker than other weak people in liking a certain quantity of salutes and big lunches and big dinners. It is always a nice thing to get a pleasant trip, and to pass yourself off as a statesman and a person of consequence, and at the same time to pretend that you are working for your country. And a harmless little pretence of this sort is endurable enough. But the sickening feature of this sham inspection is that it is only a type of the gigantic sham to which we credulously entrust the most important part of the national defence. Mr. Ducane and Lord Henry Lennox pretending to look learned over a patent slipway, or to be connoisseurs in gun practice at sea, are only illustrations of the hollowness of all Admiralty supervision and all Admiralty action. We do not mean for a moment that the Conservative Lords are worse than their Whig predecessors. Fortunately for their own reputation, this is impossible. Let them be as blustering, as perversely ingenious, as grossly inefficient, as they possibly can, they will still fall short of the splendid height of audacity and incompetency which their rivals scaled amid the sympathizing cheers of an ignorant and deluded public. Do what they will, they can never take the nation in so cleverly and so completely as it has been taken in before. It would be untrue to say that the nation is even now roused to a sense of its peril. It has found out that the belauded administration of the Duke of Somerset, and of that truly ardent reformer Lord Clarence Paget, was all the very shadow of a dream. So everybody will be very sceptical about Sir John Pakington's promises and pretensions. He may do something, or, judging from his refusal to stir a finger to help Mr. Seely to find out the truth about the Admiralty, much more probably he may do nothing at all; but whether he does something or nothing, he will be equally distrusted, and equally allowed to take his own choice between making a navy and leaving things in their present disgraceful condition. The country is prostrate beneath an inverted and monstrous kind of optimism. We have the worst of all possible navies, in consequence of entrusting it to the worst of all possible forms of administration. Still we are willing to believe that we live under the best possible Government, and willing to endure all the burdens and dangers which our delusion entails. We know that the management both of the army and navy is hopelessly bad, and that, as long as each is governed by sets of men instead of by one responsible man, there can be no real improvement. But this knowledge counts for nothing. We are ignobly content to let things drift without improvement. Provided My Lords go through all their formalities, just as if the navy were in the condition in which it ought to be, people will give them as much money to muddle away as ever they choose to ask for. Provided they have a certain number of ships upon paper, and get through sufficiently enormous sums, the House of Commons is persuaded that we have the finest navy that the world can produce. Everybody who knows anything about the Admiralty is familiar with their wastefulness, their slovenliness, their unintelligible muddled accounts, their profound sluggishness, their monstrous affection for deep old ruts and miry grooves, their insolence to reformers, their arrogant discouragement of new inventions and mechanical improvements. Perhaps we shall not see that, knowing these intolerable abuses, we ought to insist on their utter extermination, until we find ourselves overtaken by some dire disaster, the fruit of the incompetence of the Admiralty and the virtual connivance of the nation. Side by side with the details of Sir John Pakington's farcical mockery of an inspection, the *Times* has given us an account of what is going on in the American dockyards. We have an admirable opportunity of making a bitter comparison between our own blind, rigid, slow-moving authorities and the ready flexibility, the vigorous alertness, the manifold activity of Mr. Welles and his subordinates. Nothing can be more mortifying than such a comparison to anybody who either as a politician discerns the possible needs of his country, or as a mere man of business detests the picture of an enormous outlay bringing back no proportionate return.

It cannot be too often repeated that the most vigilant House of Commons that the imagination of a political philosopher could idealize would be impotent as a minute supervisor of

Admiralty administration. The inspection of masses of accounts and other details by such an assembly would be just as much a mockery as the inspection by My Lords of six big men-of-war in an hour was a mockery. What does the supervision of the House come to now? It is in truth the supervision of Mr. Seely, Mr. Graves, and about two other members, whom the House may see systematically snubbed upon every possible occasion by the official representatives of the most extravagant and the most impudent of the public departments. The House collectively has all desirable authority and dignity. But it is only composed of individuals after all, and, in the eyes of an official, the individual member has no authority or dignity whatever. Sir John Pakington would no doubt treat that solemn abstraction, the House, with solemn respect and deference. But Mr. Seely, who in the late exposure has represented the sum of the supervising forces of the House, he treats with no respect whatever. The only machinery by which Parliament is likely to attempt supervision is the cumbrous and ineffective device of a Commission, which would never find out more than half of the Admiralty secrets. It is a great deal too formal, too bulky, too little able to thrust itself into the dark nooks and corners of that incorrigible and odious department. The thing wanted is the demolition of the existing system of administration, and no quantity of evidence that a Commission might collect would make this a whit clearer than it is already. It would be a cheap course to make the department a present of the British fleet, on condition that it would dissolve itself and vanish into space for ever. We might then have a chance of getting a man whom we might inform of what we wanted and how much we would pay for it, and who, if he were the right sort of man, would lose no time in giving it to us. As it is, the ablest administrator in Great Britain could do nothing so long as he had the fatal Old Men of the Sea at the Admiralty Board on his shoulders, to hold him fast bound in routine and formalities and rigid obstruction. If Sir John Pakington and the rest of My Lords would bring in a Bill for sweeping themselves away and substituting the responsible rule of a single chief in place of the existing mockery, they would be doing more good than they ever will do in any other way.

GREAT YARMOUTH.

IT can hardly be said that the Great Yarmouth Commission has, in its general features, disclosed anything new or unexpected. As, in the domain of natural history, it is reserved for the scientific expert to discriminate the minute peculiarities which separate the different species of the same family, which the ordinary observer refers to the same class and calls by the same name, so for the moral philosopher it is reserved to classify the subtle distinctions which divide the various forms of electoral morality or immorality. As, to the superficial observer, all humming-birds or all elephants are the same, so the indiscriminating contemplation of electoral strategy sees nothing but one unvaried mass of venality. But in truth there are many types and forms of this pleasant vice, if one only has the cunning to discern them. There is the elector whose pride rejects the offer of a paltry 5*l*, but who pockets the 50*l*. note unabashed. There is one to whom all offers of money, great or small in amount, are odious, but who is at once subdued and assuaged by a place. Others there are who prefer money, but like to take it in the form of a loan, repayable at no defined time. Others—a very small fraction, we are sorry to say—prefer that their wives should be the recipients of the candidate's bounty. These different classes comprehend altogether so large a proportion of the electoral body, that it may be feared the residuum of purity frequently constitutes an inconsiderable minority.

In the case of Great Yarmouth, the types of corruption seem not to have been varied or numerous, delicate or artistic. On the contrary, they were of the simplest and—may we say it?—rudest description. No lingering scruple seems to have palsied the hand of the canvasser, or closed the pocket of the voter. No coy delicacy seems to have inspired the meetings of the briber and the bribed. Past experience was unfavourable to the cultivation of modesty, however it may have quickened fear. Two elections since 1847 declared void, and all the freemen disfranchised, might have been supposed likely to inspire caution, if not alarm. The evidence, however, does not bear out this hypothesis. The electors of Great Yarmouth are not people to be scared by Acts of Parliament or statutable penalties; much less are they to be restrained by any sentiment of compunction. Did not Mr. Rumbold, an honoured representative of Great Yarmouth opinions in former days, spend 72,000*l*. on the borough of his choice? Are voters who have dipped their hands in so munificent a dish to be lightly driven from the electoral banquet? In Mr. Rumbold's time the voters—freemen included—may possibly have amounted to 2,000. This would give to each of them 36*l*. as the outward tokens of Mr. Rumbold's gratitude. Deducting the honest or the impracticable, perhaps it is not too much to say that Mr. Rumbold's truly valuable life was worth fully fifty pounds to each of his supporters. In 1857 two Manchester agents brought down two oyster-barrels filled with sovereigns for the gratification of the electors. It is in accordance neither with reason nor with experience to assume that a constituency which has—in the phrase of Low-Church people—enjoyed such great privileges, should, *non solus*, descend to a feast of the Barmecides. And, to do the electors of Great Yarmouth only justice, they show no perverse propensity to

give their candidates any excuse for a mean-spirited purism. A great career is open to a man who enters Parliament as the representative of Great Yarmouth. If only he live long enough, he may be cherished with the same affection as a 50*l*. Bank of England note by at least 800 of the electors. We say at least 800. It would be more correct to say 824. That is just a bare majority of the 10*l*. householders, on whom the cruel martyrdom of the freemen has devolved the precious and prized duty of electing a member of Parliament. We do not wish to encourage a too sanguine hope that the pecuniary negotiation incident to this little drama of public life would necessarily be confined to a declared majority. As we shall have occasion to remark, at Great Yarmouth there is a profitable, if not a commendable, disregard for the obligations of corruption. A free-handed candidate for its favours finds that many are bribed, but not all earn their bribe. Whether this be a testimony on the part of the electors to the happy constitution and good government of the country, which cannot be made either better or worse by any change of policy or of administration—or whether it be due to a spirit of mischievous wagery—or whether it be, after all, merely a compliance with the injunction to quarter oneself on the enemy—is less our business to inquire than it is the business of some future candidate for the favours of the constituency of Great Yarmouth. It is the fact that, in addition to the venal supporters whose hearts his bounty has touched, a candidate will have to reckon on many unprofitable largesses to men who take his money, and then go over to the enemy. Of this most painful of disbursements Sir Edmund Lacon's Committee seem to have had an average experience. Mr. Cooper, who, as he playfully styles himself, acted as the "illegal agent" of Sir Edmund Lacon, complains of the base ingratitude of more than one elector. He asked one Matthew Curson for his vote, and, when that independent elector hinted that a vote was a negotiable article, gave him 20*l*. as its market value. Painful to relate, Curson did not plump for Lacon, but, having sold him one vote for 20*l*., sold another to his antagonist for 15*l*.. Probably Curson had an interesting family at home, and paternal affection may have deadened his sense of the obligation which he had contracted. In future elections—if no ruthless Nemesis arrests the electoral proceedings of Great Yarmouth—it may well repay an "illegal agent's" trouble to inquire whether it be possible to conciliate the political and domestic affections of the Curson family by a smaller gift than 35*l*.. It is only fair, as a set-off to the rapacity or perfidy of Curson, to cite the honesty of an elector bearing no more distinctive surname than Smith. This man had received his fee from one illegal agent, and was about to receive a duplicate of it from another, when he apprised the latter that he had no further claim. For this honesty the second agent gave him a sovereign. With Smith's honesty we grieve to contrast the unblushing dishonesty of Nobbs. Nobbs certainly is not a hypocrite; he professes no political sympathies; he declares it is a matter of indifference to him for whom he votes; but he takes 15*l*. from the Laconites, and then goes and votes on the other side.

It is evident that they are accustomed to a very liberal scale of expenditure at Yarmouth. Voters "won't look at you" under 15*l*. or 20*l*.. One witness deposed that men who took 15*l*. in 1859 required 20*l*. in 1865. The whole proceedings before the Commission are redolent of sovereigns and bank-notes. Minor agents go about with their 200*l*. or 250*l*. to secure some five or six votes. And there is this peculiar eccentricity in the whole proceeding. The ostensible principals knew nothing of the largesses distributed in their names. Astronomers have asserted that we might go through the centre of a comet and see nothing of it till the comet had passed millions of miles away. So Sir Edmund Lacon moves about in an atmosphere of munificent expenditure wholly unconscious and insensible. While voters like the fortunate Ball get 40*l*. a head, Sir Edmund Lacon knows nothing of such doings. He believes that the expenses of a single candidate ought not to exceed 400*l*. or 500*l*. He is perfectly surprised when he reads in the *Times* that Mr. Cooper, who has been throwing sums of 15*l*. and 20*l*. about in all directions, calls himself the "illegal agent of the Conservatives"; and still more surprised to think how he can have had so much money. He has not the faintest idea whence it comes; at least he had not until he read the evidence of his intimate friend and partner Mr. Nightingale. Then, to his great astonishment, he found that this truly sympathizing sharer of his private and his political cares had disbursed for him 1,000*l*. in one election and 4,000*l*. in another. It really is astonishing what facts are disclosed by these Commissions. Had it not been for this astounding revelation, Sir Edmund Lacon would have retained the impression that nothing but ordinary and legal expenses would have to be defrayed on his behalf. Now, to his wonderment, he discovers that he is indebted to Mr. Nightingale for money generously and providentially advanced for him, without any request or authority on his part. And, to his horror, he discovers too that it had been spent in bribery; and he had no idea that there had been any bribery. Others, however, were not so innocent. No one on these occasions ever is innocent except the candidates, and their innocence is made more palpable by the very dark knowledge of their supporters. One of the most indefatigable agents was "Old Rivett," who "had been up to that kind of work all his life." "Poor old Rivett," as his sympathizing colleague Mr. Bunn calls him, has gone to a world where there are no canvasses and no commissions. But his living knowledge of his fellow-townsmen was, if not flattering, probably accurate. He seems to have regarded most of them, especially the Radical

section, as very "tinnible"—a phrase coined by one of the witnesses, and expressive of the susceptibility of Yarmouth voters under pecuniary influence.

"Tinnible" indeed they most of them were, with the exception of two—one of whom, in tragic tones, informed the Commission that he worked for the Conservatives not through love to them, but through hatred of the Liberals, who had insulted him; and another, who abandoned Radicalism because, in some mysterious way, he had contracted erysipelas from canvassing in the company of a Radical doctor. And, as we have shown, with the exception of the members themselves, no one is ignorant or ashamed of the tinnibility. It is no wonder that, seeing and reading these things, the mouths of the unenfranchised "masses" water at the good things reserved for the enfranchised. Here are oyster-barrels full of sovereigns, and 20/- notes by the handful, all scattering among men who have no other merit but the possession of a 10/- house. Nothing that Mr. Bright can say in his approaching campaign will appeal to the hearts of a good many seven-pounders with half the force that lies in the facts of the Great Yarmouth election. Why, an elector must be very stupid indeed if he does not acquire a vested interest in the annual disbursement of, say, 1,500/- or 2,000/- a year by wealthy M.P.'s. There are several members for boroughs, especially suburban boroughs, whose Parliamentary honours cost them an annual subsidy of at least 2,000/-, with the additional pleasure of spending about the same or a greater sum periodically on a contested election. Men who are not ten-pounders must be more or less than human to regard this monopoly of plunder with complacency.

Of course it were utterly useless to inveigh against the turpitude of such proceedings, or to invoke the punitive energy of the law against them. There is only one remedy for this state of things—namely, to disfranchise the guilty borough, and incapacitate the guilty candidate. But, because the remedy would probably succeed, it will never be applied. We leave it to the opponents of this healthy severity to contemplate the pleasant prospect which may one day open on successful candidates, when, areas being extended and constituents multiplied, every candidate will have to bribe—not only at election time but during the whole of his Parliamentary career—twice the present number of clamorous beggars, and, amongst them, those who are by all witnesses described as the most clamorous and the most greedy, the lower sort of Radical Reformers, such as adorn the suburb of Gorleston. It is a more obvious than agreeable reflection that the future borough M.P. will only have the alternative of paying small annuities to several hundreds of this class, or of condescending to repeat their sentiments and obey their dictates in Parliament. It may be feared that some members will be found weak enough to do both—to be the slaves of those whom they have bought.

MRS. GLADSTONE'S ORPHANAGE.

IT is pleasant, in an age of scepticism and irreligion, to witness a public act of reparation on the part of a notorious offender, and the *Times* has lately supplied us with a very edifying example of this pre-eminent type of repentance. *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, and the liberty which a newspaper habitually allows to its correspondents can hardly be dissociated from the conduct of the journal itself. Judged by this standard, the *Times* is largely responsible for giving a lift at starting to a vast number of questionable charities. Its columns stand open to appeals from every quarter, and if we may estimate the result by the acknowledgments which usually follow, such appeals are rarely destined to go altogether unrewarded. A letter in the *Times* is the most effective sort of charity sermon, and there are many people whose benevolence seems always ready to flow under the influence of this particular stimulant, even when it is proof against every other. Of course, in an operation carried on upon this extensive scale, there is no room for either inspection or inquiry. The authenticity of a particular letter may be tested in case of need; but when once it has been ascertained to be the production of the person by whom it purports to be written, the editorial supervision is at an end, and every case of alleged distress, whether real, imaginary, or doubtful, stands on the same footing, and starts with the same chances. At length, however, it would seem that the *Times* has awoke to the possible mischief of which it may be the unconscious medium, and, with a pious determination that its contrition shall be as conspicuous as its guilt, it has suddenly singled out for censure Mrs. Gladstone's earnest and well-considered letter on behalf of a Cholera Orphanage. Closely following on a denunciatory leader comes a communication in the same strain, bearing the well-known initials with which the *Times* has so often hunted in couples; and the two together form a lecture, the more edifying because so unexpected, upon the stern requirements of an unbending political economy. Still, a sudden conversion is always a little to be distrusted, and when the *Times* has thus undergone a sort of economical "revival" it is well to be on our guard against the exaggerations of a too ecstatic penitence. Fortunately, both the writer of the article and "S. G. O." are kind enough to favour us with their premises as well as their conclusions, and we cannot consequently do wrong in seeing for ourselves how far the one is borne out by the other.

Certainly, if we admit that because "the notion of eliminating pain and privation from existence is essentially wrong," it necessarily follows that the notion of alleviating them is wrong also, there is at once an end of the matter. But, unfortunately for the writer's argument, we cannot be prepared to go to this length

without being equally prepared to proscribe charity altogether. Most undoubtedly we shall find ourselves mistaken if we expect to "eliminate" disease, or ignorance, or destitution, or any other of the thousand ills to which mankind is subject. But it has not been commonly held that for this reason it is "wrong" to build hospitals, to found schools, or to feed starving men. And yet there is not one of these lines of charitable effort that does not fall under the condemnation which the *Times* pronounces upon those "who quarrel with the law which visits upon children the offences of their fathers." Even in those cases where the evil cannot be attributed to any fault of those who are suffering from it, it may frequently be traced to some error or other on the part of those who have had the care of them. A child is ignorant, but it is owing to his parents' neglecting to send him to school, and therefore we are not to give him instruction. He is the victim of hereditary disease, but it is the natural consequence of his father's excesses, and therefore we must not cure him. He is a pauper, but he need not have been one if his parents had worked harder, or had been more careful to save out of their wages, and consequently we must not aid him, so much as by a penny, to gain a living for himself. Indeed, there is not one of these circumstances to which the *Times*' philosophy does not apply with even greater accuracy than to the particular charity which has been selected for solemn censure. Death by cholera can hardly be called a sin, and to visit it upon the children whom it has made orphans is to stretch even that "harshness" which we are told is "in such cases a necessary virtue" to an extent which is absolutely quixotic. However, this is not the only reason alleged against the establishment of Orphanages. These institutions are open, it seems, to another charge—they take away "opportunities of virtue" from the parents and friends of the children. We presume that the writer means the parents of other children, unless, indeed, he wishes to imply that a man will be rendered improvident in another state of existence by the knowledge that his children have already got into an orphanage in this. But even as thus limited, the view is an absurd one. No doubt if every labourer in the country were earning sufficient wages to enable him to insure his life for the benefit of his family, there might be something to be said for it; though still it might be open to question whether a man who is prevented from saving money merely by the reflection that, if he does not, his children may be supported from charity, would show any great turn for frugality even if this hindrance were withdrawn. But what percentage of the pauperized population of Bethnal Green or Whitechapel does the *Times* suppose are in a position to purchase a Government insurance? The children who have been made orphans during the last few weeks are the children of men and women whose existence was a continual fight with starvation, who counted it a white day in their calendar if on waking they saw their way to a full meal, and whose thrift, when taxed to the utmost, just sufficed to provide at the week's end the rent for their fourth share of a room. There are thousands such left in the East of London now, and it is from them that Mrs. Gladstone is unctuously implored not to "take away opportunities of virtue." But besides this, the establishment of an Orphanage will "undermine the claims of neighbourhood and kinship." We were not aware that in any rank of life friends and relatives are over eager to take upon themselves the support of other people's children, but at all events such willingness, even when it exists, must be strictly limited by the ability to act on it. If a man and woman can just manage by hard work to keep themselves and their family out of the workhouse, they are not likely to avail themselves of an "opportunity of virtue" which consists, perhaps, in making the same weekly income maintain nine people instead of six. And in London at all events, where much of the population is essentially migratory, and one family often knows little or nothing of others living perhaps in the same house, it may be doubted whether either neighbourhood or kinship has much chance of getting even a hearing. Why, too, should the *Times*, looking at the question as it does, make any distinction between temporary and permanent homes for orphans? When a child has lost its father and mother, and is just recovering from cholera itself, does it not become an "opportunity of virtue" to all around it? Why should not the neighbours be left to take it a little trip to the sea-side, or its relations in the country be allowed to invite it to pass the period of convalescence in some salubrious labourer's cottage conventionally draped with roses and honeysuckle? Great political economists should at least be consistent, and a writer who has succeeded so well in shutting his eyes to all the chief facts of the case need hardly have been at the trouble of opening them just to one.

Another evil connected with Orphanages which the *Times* darkly hints at, and at the very notion of which "S. G. O." soars to his highest flight of vituperative eloquence, is that their founders are often animated by religious motives. "Mrs. Gladstone's scheme may be blessed beyond all others," says the leading article, and "it may escape all taint of religious partisanship"—evidently meaning that it will do nothing of the kind. "The man who shares my horror at the idea of making the field of distress that for the scrambling of religious bodies for the direction of souls," says "S. G. O.," will give his money to something else than an Orphanage. In the fears thus expressed or shadowed forth, the writers confound two very opposite sentiments. Certainly nothing can be more offensive than the making the relief of bodily distress minister in any way whatever to the promotion of proselytism. A Protestant Orphanage which "scrambles" for the possession of Roman

Catholic children, or a Roman Catholic Orphanage which "scrambles" for the possession of Protestant children, is fairly open to this condemnation, and we are as ready as "S. G. O." himself to give utterance to it in the strongest possible form. But in so doing we must not forget that religious enthusiasm—religious partisanship, if you like to call it so—has always been the very strongest known incentive to charitable exertion. So long as the action of this spirit is confined to its proper sphere, we cannot see why we should be called upon to ignore or discourage it. There exists in London a population, lying altogether outside any religious body whatever, which is vast enough to give employment to all the religious agencies that can possibly be brought to bear on it. Surely, with such an unoccupied field as this lying at our doors, there need be no occasion for theological antagonism. "S. G. O." need have no fear lest the number of orphans should be so small that Mrs. Gladstone and Miss Marsh will be reduced to fight for the privilege of supporting them. There will be employment enough for both, and for almost any number of others who are like-minded with them. The High-Church Sister and the Low-Church Matron may each find their harvest without either feeling any temptation to rob the other of her gleanings. There is of course a species of theological dog in the manger who would rather see a child left altogether vicious than reclaimed by an influence with which he does not sympathize. It has lately been stated that a religious community which tried to labour among the camp followers at Aldershot was first discouraged, and then got rid of, owing to a fear on the part of the authorities that the prostitutes might be made Tractarians; and the feeling of which this is an exaggerated example has no doubt its counterpart in the dislike with which some persons regard any effort to keep destitute children out of the workhouses, where, whatever other evil they may encounter, they are sure to find neither Popery nor Puseyism. But we are quite sure that people who are more anxious to work themselves than to hinder others from working will find the world wide enough to give ample scope for charities of every theological complexion.

We are very far from saying that Orphanages are always well conducted. On the contrary, we quite admit that they are peculiarly open to the two contradictory dangers which "S. G. O." is so anxious to point out. It is quite possible to pet the inmates too much, to keep them too long, and to train them in a way which is in many respects unsuited to the part which they have to play in life. But to say this, after all, to say nothing more than that they are human institutions, and as such open to mismanagement. Still occasional failures are no reason for giving up all similar attempts for the future; they are only a ground for the exercise of additional caution next time. When "S. G. O." asks "those who support these institutions to vigilantly watch their operation, and strive with all their power to adapt them to their real end of sending children out into the world fitted to fight its battles and earn its bread," he is making a most reasonable request, and we can only regret that he should have lessened the force of what he says by the indiscriminate and wholesale abuse which he has first heaped upon Orphanages in the lump. And for the cure of the other evil against which he warns us—the absence of "parental watchfulness and love"—we look, we confess, to the action of that very motive which the *Times* is so careful to deprecate. Where the care of children is undertaken simply as a matter of business, we know of no way of securing that the work shall be well done. A paid matron and a paid staff of subordinates rarely make good substitutes for mothers, and the sense of living under a system of mechanical routine is not likely to bring the affectionate side of a child's character into very prominent relief. But, unless the united testimony of witnesses of every creed is mistaken, it is just this want which religious devotion can best supply. Whatever may be the fault of that education by religious communities which prevails so largely throughout Continental Europe, it has, by the consent of all who have had any opportunities of observing it, a remarkable power of creating affection between the teachers and the children under their care. The same principle has of late years been extensively introduced into the Church of England, and we have not heard that it has been unproductive of a similar result, or that there is any insuperable difficulty in surrounding the application of it with all needful safeguards. An evening contemporary proposes to substitute for religious enthusiasm, as an incentive to charity, "150*l.* a year and comfortable rooms." The former motive has been tried for some eighteen centuries, and has never yet proved incompetent for the work it has had to do. Would it not be as well to wait till it has been found wanting on the present occasion before we attempt to replace it, even by the omnipotent engine which has been suggested?

REVIEWS.

DONALDSON'S HISTORY OF CHRISTIAN LITERATURE.*

THE title-page of Mr. Donaldson's book promises rather more than he performs. He calls his work a "Critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine." A history of Literature and a history of Doctrine are two distinct things. A history of Literature is a work on the plan of Cave, Dupin, or Lumper. A history

of Doctrine suggests a comparison with such a book, for instance, as Reuss's *Théologie Chrétienne*. We expect in it not merely the chronological sequence of facts, but something of an attempt to show the relations of these facts to one another, to group and arrange them, and to trace the ideas and threads of thought running through them, and giving them life and meaning. But there is nothing of this kind even attempted by Mr. Donaldson. Under the head of each separate author, he extracts, fully and carefully, the prevailing or the characteristic opinions and doctrines to be met with in the works analysed and criticized. But the account is a personal one in each case, and the doctrines are brought out and commented on for the sake of the writer, and to illustrate his peculiarities of thought and position. As a history of doctrine the work is utterly insufficient. As a literary history, a history of writers and their books, it is of more value. It is an attempt to furnish the student, in a form suited to modern readers, with a survey of the principal writers of the early Christian ages, like Cave's, and with analytical accounts of their surviving writings, like those of Ceillier or Lumper; and, as embodying the results of increased knowledge and critical sifting, it is a considerable advance on the older works. Mr. Donaldson has examined and arranged his materials for himself, and the book is on the whole very creditable to his intelligence, conscientiousness, and candour. His plan involves a heavy book; a great part of it consists in the extracting at length and methodizing under heads, as in a commonplace book, the statements on different points, often unconnected and by no means always intelligible out of their context, of the various writers noticed; indeed, we sometimes seem to have simply his note-book put before us as he set down what he thought worth observing as he went through each work. And we have abundance of bibliographical matter, and disquisitions on questionable points of dates and authorship. Of course there are other portions. The writer has his views on the historical features of the times referred to, and on the philosophical and theological bearing of the ideas developed in the literature which he examines, and these views are set forth in chapters which introduce us to the subject, and connect its different parts. But it is a book of which the use is to be found more in the facts, which it collects and arranges in a more or less convenient shape, than in the writer's generalizations upon them.

Three volumes are before us, of which the first is devoted to the Apostolic Fathers, and the two following ones are taken up with the early writers who are grouped together under the name of the "Apologists." Mr. Donaldson is a writer who examines and makes up his mind, alike on theological principles and questions of criticism, for himself; and the great merit of his book is that it is a genuine attempt, if not always a successful one, to see what is in the text or evidence before him, neither more nor less—to see nothing but what he finds there, yet fairly and carefully to see all that there is. He is not to be described as the disciple of any school, but his general sympathies and ways of regarding his subject seem to class him with writers like Neander and Baron Bunsen. He has a strong dislike to everything ecclesiastical—episcopacy, sacramental religion, strictness of dogmatic definition. But he shows equal aversion to the narrow theories, the unfair judgment, and the shallow and superficial knowledge of the Evangelical school, on both sides of the Tweed, and to the hard, and in their way equally narrow, views of history and religion exhibited in criticisms like those of Baur, and to the frequently audacious coolness with which such writers supply gaps in an argument by the most arbitrary assumptions. That which especially recommends Mr. Donaldson is his painstaking carefulness, and his manifest wish to be exact and fair. This, and the amount of prepared material brought together in his volumes, will make them useful for consultation and reference to many who will hardly be satisfied with the depth and comprehensiveness of Mr. Donaldson's views on the questions suggested by his subject. Early Christian literature, like everything else belonging to the beginnings of Christianity, is at once so large and so obscure a subject that it needs more than mere acquaintance with its scanty remains, aided by literary fairness, to produce something important and worth reading about it. Mr. Donaldson does not do much to help us to conceive more clearly, and with greater confidence in the grounds of our view, either the men or the writings of the time. He shows himself aware of the imperfect nature of his work, but he does not seem to be sensible how much the imperfection impairs its value. History, he says truly enough, must be based on criticism. But we doubt whether he sufficiently appreciates the truth that criticism may be narrow, cramped, and purblind, and that this is not the criticism which is of such indispensable use. But power of thought, originality, imagination, are wanted in criticism, as in other things. It means something more than merely legal caution about testimony. A diligent and exhaustive analysis of a book may be very valuable, but it falls very short of making us understand what the book means and why it was written; still less does it enable us to understand the character of the writer and the tone of thought of his time. This is what a history of literature ought to supply, and what we miss in this book. Mr. Donaldson writes sensibly and intelligently about the mere text of his authors; but as to the questions suggested by their writings, and which really make the interest of them, questions affecting the history and development of the early Church, its real belief and modes of action and teaching, questions touching the relations of its influence and its doctrines to what is permanent and universal in faith and religion, he is an unsatisfactory and insufficient guide. He shows no

* A Critical History of Christian Literature and Doctrine, from the Death of the Apostles to the Nicene Council. By John Donaldson, M.A. 3 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

signs of having thought with any power and grasp on theological questions. As soon as he gets off special criticism, or general literary appreciation, his remarks are crude, loose, and poor. A man who thinks that he offhand sets the Tübingen school right—and not only the Tübingen school, but the rest of mankind also—on the difference between St. Paul and St. James on justification by faith, in the space of not quite a couple of pages, can hardly have entered very deeply into the difficulties of the subject.

Mr. Donaldson gives ample information, checked by comparison with the most recent investigations in the same field, on the several writers, the evidence relating to their works, the shape in which these works have come down to us, and the various questions arising as to the genuineness or the peculiarities of their matter. He is full, too, about manuscripts, editions, and commentaries. He further abstracts at great length, and in a methodical form, the substance of each writer's teaching. Up to the time of Irenæus, he professes to have adduced "every passage" which seemed to him "to bear on theological questions." We have in fact pretty nearly the whole of these early writings, only in a different order from that of the original writers, and distributed under heads, sorted and arranged so as to show what each said on certain chief topics. There is a convenience in having such an enlarged sort of index or concordance at hand. Only we must observe that it would be a great mistake to suppose that any one could become really acquainted with any writings whatever by only knowing them from such an arrangement. Dissections are indispensable things; but dissections by themselves will neither give the idea of a body as a whole nor will they show its characteristic motives and behaviour, and the most important phenomena of its life. Mr. Donaldson seems to think that he exhibits the ideas of these writers by breaking up their writings and classifying extracts. We cannot think that he does. His extracts are faithfully made, but they are extracts; and as extracts, arranged as he judges fit and not as the writer produced them, they lose the all-important illustration of the surrounding context. The value of a book like this is the check that it supplies to a reader in his own interpretations and inferences; but the only way to gain a true idea of the writings is either to read them as they are, or to have them commented on by some one who is able to seize their spirit and scope, and to render in a connected and living way their characteristic features.

Mr. Donaldson's book is an illustration of the remark of an acute observer, quoted by himself in reference to others, on the difficulty of being really neutral and unbiassed in dealing with subjects of this kind. "Some hypothesis," it is said, "all parties, all controversialists, all historians must adopt, if they would treat of Christianity at all"; and the example adduced in proof is Gieseler's text-book, "which bears the profession of being a dry analysis of Christian history; yet on inspection will be found to be written on a positive and definite theory, and to bend facts to meet it." Of course, in spite of this, there are great differences between writers in their efforts to be fair, as also in the temptations to each to be unfair; but even those who have least of a theory or a bias cannot help disclosing some. Mr. Donaldson is not loaded with any great weight of theory. His ideas of Christianity are large and liberal to the extent of vagueness. He sits very loose to all traditions and definitions of doctrine; his one standard is historical criticism, the strict judicial investigation of language, and of the worth of testimony. He has no ecclesiastical platform to defend—Roman, Anglican, or Presbyterian; and he has the strongest aversion, in ancient times as in the present, to the authority of the clergy. The great implied reproach throughout his work, to theologians of all parties who have attempted the interpretation of early times and theology, is that they looked at ancient writers with modern eyes, and identified the ideas and formulas of later periods and disputes with language which was used before they began, and in entire unconsciousness of the difficulties with which they were engaged. If Mr. Donaldson could only see how clearly, to a looker-on, he reveals himself as reading antiquity with modern eyes of his own—very different, it is true, from those of Bellarmine, Calvin, or Bull, but yet highly modern—we might have had to wait a little longer perhaps for his book. Two points may be mentioned which seem to us to show the effect of unconscious bias; his determination to see nothing hierarchical in the early Christians, and his tendency to soften and explain away the dogmatic character of their religion. As to the first, whatever becomes of ecclesiastical theories as to the necessity and divine authority of the hierarchical principle, it seems idle to contend that the indications are not all strongly in favour of its prevalence as a fact in the earliest Christian organizations, and that nothing but dislike, well or ill founded, of the thing would have given weight to the objections with which the manifest appearances of its existence have been sought to be weakened. It was in complete harmony with the habits and ideas, religious and social, of the time; and just in proportion as we have any certain information at all, its proofs become more positive. But Mr. Donaldson, who has great admiration for the early Christians, cannot be persuaded that they were so weak and superstitious as to care for bishops, or even to have them, in the modern meaning of the word. Accordingly, for one thing, he adopts the childish affectation of expunging the well-known word *bishop* from his writings and translations, and substituting what he means for a neutral word—*overseer*. Clement is an "overseer" in the Church of Rome. Dionysius is an "overseer" of the Corinthian Church; and Mr. Donaldson states authoritatively, but without giving his proofs, that "most Churches of

which we know anything had more than one, and that therefore we may rest assured that the Roman Church had always more than one"; and that, on the other hand, "the phrase 'Bishop of Rome' was a mode of expression entirely unknown to the time of Origen." At any rate, "*Episcopus Romanus*," which sounds very like the same thing, was undoubtedly perfectly familiar to Tertullian, who was before Origen; but we should like to know what Mr. Donaldson thinks is really gained by his attempt to obliterate a word which turns up everywhere in ecclesiastical history of all dates, except showing his own exceeding dislike to it, and his wish to weaken the force of its constant appearance. Another curious indication of the same bias is shown in another way. In a volume about the Apostolic Fathers we naturally look out for the name of Ignatius. It does not appear. Mr. Donaldson does not recognise it. The writer who takes up the chief space in our collections of the *Patres Apostolici* is "conspicuous by his absence." Mr. Donaldson does not take any notice even of Bunsen's shorter epistles. Not only so, but he does not deign as yet even to discuss the questions, which assuredly cannot be said to be perfectly closed, as to the claims of the various recensions. Ignatius is simply ignored. The name does not even occur in the index, not even as Pseudo-Ignatius. There is no direct explanation vouchsafed of this singular omission. The only hint given of the reason for it is contained in a passing illustration of the necessity of taking due account of the changes of ideas in each age, and of not committing anachronisms:—

The errors that result from the forgetfulness of this principle affect the character of testimony and the history of opinion, and accordingly in the application of opinion as a test we must guard against confounding the opinions of one age with those of another. We shall take as an instance the works of Ignatius. If the letters of Ignatius contain doctrines different or additional to those contained in the letters of Clement and other nearly contemporary writers, we have just reason to doubt their genuineness. Nor is it enough to prove that these doctrines are contained in writings twenty or thirty or forty, much less two or three hundred years after the supposed time of Ignatius. For the very point we maintain is, that the lapse of time brought about changes, that these later writings contain evidence of the changes, and that the letters of Ignatius must go into the same age with the writings with which they agree.

He talks also, in another place, of the "impudence" of Ignatius. A good deal might be said of the generalizations and implied assertions of the passage quoted, and of the propriety and convenience, in a book making special claims to fairness and completeness, of the proceeding itself. But what is most striking in it is the evidence which it affords that Mr. Donaldson has not yet passed beyond the stage of youthful priggishness and self-complacent positiveness. It is entirely of a piece with the offhand facility with which the character of the Tübingen school, and the doctrine of justification by faith, are both settled for the satisfaction of all reasonable persons within a few lines at the flag-end of a preface.

Another point on which it seems to us that Mr. Donaldson's own prepossessions and ideas have led him unconsciously to give a wrong impression of the early writers is the dogmatic character of their religion. He himself dislikes this character in religion, and he tries hard to establish that there was very little of it in the early Church. It is a question of fact. It seems to us that he greatly understates the appearances of a definite and strongly maintained creed, even in such a writer as the Roman Clement, as they present themselves, not on taking sentences to pieces and minutely analysing what they must or may mean, but on a perusal of the composition as it stands, and a fair judgment on the way of thinking and feeling shown in it. But he lays a great deal too much stress on his negative argument. Because Clement, writing a practical letter, is not very dogmatic, therefore we are not to suppose that he and his contemporaries thought much about a definite creed. We might argue in the same way, but by no means satisfactorily, about a devotional work of some modern divine. So, because these early writers sometimes spoke of the Spirit as identical with God or Christ, sometimes as of a gift or influence, sometimes as of a person, therefore they had no distinct belief, such as later theology had, of His personal existence. But exactly the same modes of speech prevail still, and are used freely and unsuspiciously, in the writings, both devotional and dogmatic, of the most orthodox theologians. Mr. Donaldson is too often led away by a mere reduction of a statement to the bare logical necessity of its meaning, and is satisfied if it does not oblige him to take it in a way which does not agree with his views, whatever the other probabilities may be. This may do for controversy or pleading, but an historian's work suffers by it. The historian must take other elements into account besides the mere literal and grammatical construction of sentences, and these elements Mr. Donaldson does not always think of sufficiently. Doubtless dogmas were less exact and extensively developed—were in a more "fluid state"—in earlier than in later times. But all old religions, which were not mere mythologies breaking up, were dogmatic; and as soon as we get beyond the first scanty and imperfect notices of the earliest age, Christianity evidently shows itself as making the utmost account of a creed. To insist, against these broad features in the case, that in short hortatory letters the writers did not dwell on dogmas, as a proof that dogmas were not much thought of, is to show forgetfulness of very elementary facts of even modern experience.

We ought to say that we think Mr. Donaldson's work increases in value in the next two volumes. In these he presents an account, very elaborate and careful, of the first apologists. One volume alone is devoted to Justin Martyr; and the work is well

done, both as to the view which he takes of the position and aim of these writers, and as to the fulness with which he brings out their ideas and modes of argument. The same exaggerated and mistaken fear of finding the ancient Church too like, in government, in ritual, and even in belief, to that of later centuries, prevails in these volumes, and makes Mr. Donaldson often seem captious, unreasonable, and perverse in his interpretation. It is an extravagant misinterpretation, it certainly gives a gratuitously mistaken and false impression, to say, as he does, of Justin Martyr, that he has "no theory of the death of Christ, or of the Holy Spirit." If he has not a theory, he uses words which imply a theory. But there is more distinct material, and clearer information for Mr. Donaldson to work upon, as he goes on; and his book improves accordingly. The best part of it is the carefully-made abstracts of the writers whom he reviews. He talks a good deal about criticism, but his critical powers are not his strongest point. His conclusion against the genuineness of the alleged Greek original of *Hermas*, published by Tischendorf, may be well-founded; but his objections from the abundance of late Greek forms, summed up in the statement that the Greek is "not that of at least the first five centuries of the Christian era," would be more conclusive if we did not know that provincial Greek was certainly not Attic or even Alexandrine Greek, or if we *did* know something more of the shape which Greek assumed among the classes corresponding to the ungrammatical and patois-speaking classes of modern countries. Of the remarkable Epistle to Diognetus he hazards, though with diffidence, two conjectures—one, that it was the production, and of course forgery, of Henry Stephens; the other, to which he is more inclined, that some of the Greeks who came over to Italy when threatened by the Turks may have written it as a mere exercise of literary skill. Neither guess is very felicitous.

EXPERIENCES IN RICHMOND.*

THIS book is, on the whole, a disappointment. It might have been, in more respects than one, both valuable and interesting; that it is of comparatively little value, and in parts exceedingly tedious, is due partly to the defects of the writer, partly to the peculiar situation in which he was placed. We might have hoped that, holding a post in the War Department of the Confederate Government, he would have been able to throw light on the special difficulties which attended their efforts to organize and recruit their army, on the means by which the South contrived for so long a period to confront in the field the vastly superior forces of the enemy without manifest and constant disadvantage, and on the reasons which led to the subsequent depletion of her armies, and the rapid failure of her military resources. We might even have expected now and then to find some clue given to particular movements of unusual interest. We might have looked for some information on the secret history of the military administration, and on the causes of the superiority maintained up to the close of the war by the army of Virginia, despite its paucity of numbers and its distance from the States which, being least accessible to the direct attacks of the enemy, could best afford to recruit the main forces of the Confederacy, while the army in the West was never so superior in quality to the enemy as to compensate for the disparity of numbers. Some light also would have been acceptable on the circumstances which led to the repeated change of commanders in the latter department, and the want of harmony and confidence between the generals and their officers and men, so painfully contrasted with the affection and mutual reliance which subsisted to the last between the chiefs and the soldiers of the Virginian command. But Mr. Jones, though he is ready in criticism and conjecture, and reports with evident sympathy the murmurs and rumours of intrigue, treachery, and disputes at head-quarters which were current in Richmond, seldom or never affords us any real information. He was not, apparently, in the confidence of his superiors, nor does he seem to have been capable of distinguishing the authentic from the unfounded, the probable from the absurd, in the accounts which the gossip of the capital brought to his ears. He had opportunities of seeing and knowing many of the leading men of the Confederacy, whose names are now familiar in Europe, and of whom we should have been glad to have such accounts as acute observation would have enabled one placed in personal and official communication with them to give; but there is scarcely a single passage in the diary calculated to afford us any insight into their characters or relations with each other. On the other hand, there is abundance of petty gossip about the minor details of politics, the abuses of the passport office, the tyranny and the shortcomings of the police, the grievances of the departmental clerks, the alleged favouritism of the Ministers, and the iniquities of the conscription and of the administration of martial law. Like many officials, the author is evidently an inveterate grumbler; and the troubles of the time, and the hardships and personal grievances inseparable from the government of a city which was from the first the base of operations of the principal army of the Confederacy, and which was at last virtually besieged for several months, afforded abundant grounds of complaint to all men of that temper. Accordingly, we read page after page of murmurs, suspicions, denunciations of the

blunders, incompetence, and perversity of superior officials, to which no one who can form any conception of the necessary evils of the then state of Richmond, and who remembers how much the men so heartily abused did actually achieve, will be disposed to pay any attention. That there were great faults and shortcomings is probable enough. That the Confederates were deficient in that part of the business of war which their enemies managed with the most admirable efficiency and success—the commissariat—there can, we think, be very little doubt. But the majority, or nearly the whole, of the complaints which occupy so large a portion of these two volumes have no better foundation than the ill-temper which always prevails among the loungers and talkers of a capital when things are going wrong, and when their own comfort is grievously affected in consequence. It would be a great mistake to judge either the spirit or the condition of the Confederate people generally by anything that is set down in Mr. Jones's diary. He knew and saw nothing of what was going on outside the entrenchments of Richmond. Richmond was, from a very early period, subject to many of the privations of a state of siege; it was not only deprived, like the rest of the South, of all foreign luxuries, as tea, coffee, and wine, and reduced to a short allowance of salt and other necessities, but it was seriously straitened for provisions. The enemy had possession of some parts of Virginia and had ravaged others; a great army drew its supplies from Richmond, and absorbed not only the resources of the country around, but much of the means of transport from a distance; the town was crowded with fugitives, place-hunters, speculators, prisoners, sick and wounded soldiers; and the trade by which this suddenly increased population had to be supplied was chiefly monopolized by a class of speculators who seem to have been able to extort prices very far beyond the actual cost of production and transport. Against these speculators, and indeed against all who made money by the war and the sufferings which it entailed, the diarist indulges in unmeasured vituperation; unaware, apparently, that the effect of speculation in times of war is not to raise prices, but to lower them. The case of the Richmond provision-mongers does indeed appear to have been exceptional, the trade being in so few hands as to be virtually a monopoly; for, by sending a messenger to North Carolina, the clerks in the War-Office were able to procure abundant supplies at a mere fraction of the merchants' charges. These evils were peculiar to Richmond, and greatly aggravated the hardships necessarily entailed by a rapidly depreciated currency, a strict blockade, and an interruption of the usual channels of supply, in a country which had been accustomed to import nearly all its clothing and part of its food. And the class of men by whom the civil population of Richmond was swollen to an unmanageable extent were not of a temper to bear these privations cheerfully. The flower of the manhood of the South was in the army; and those who were busy in speculation, or importuning the Government for contracts or for places, belonged to that selfish and mercenary class which is always discontented, peevish, and factious under trial.

Every glimpse we have caught, in travellers' observations or Southern journals, of the interior of the Confederacy during the war exhibits a cheerful patience under very considerable deprivations, which could only spring from an earnest devotion to the national cause. And in Richmond itself, with all the murmurs at the supposed mismanagement of the Government, there seems to have been among the real Southern population—as distinguished from the Jewish, Northern, and foreign traders—a hearty endurance of mere physical wants. During the last three years of the war it was barely possible for a large family to live upon a sum increasing from 4,000 to 8,000 dollars (paper) per annum; meat was a luxury which only rich men—and few except the speculators were rich—could eat every day; a little bit of garden-ground added materially to the comfort of a household which could not afford such expensive indulgences as cabbages and potatoes, save of their own growing; and clothes were made to last from year to year, because the price of a new suit was beyond the reach of families who had been accustomed to dress with more regard to elegance than to expense. It is curious to see how very little the last-named privation seems to have been felt, even by the ladies, when all were reduced to the same extremity. It is mentioned but once or twice; while the dearness of bacon, the exorbitant price or total inaccessibility of beef and mutton, are matters of daily notice. The stirring events that were passing around them, the fortunes of their country repeatedly staked on the event of a battle in which they could hear the roar of the guns, diverted the thoughts of the Virginians from all but the most pressing of personal wants. It is deserving of notice that in a visit paid to the Libby prison, while Richmond was already feeling the pressure of want, the author found the prisoners well fed and cared for, the only unpleasant circumstance in their lot being apparently one for which their own want of cleanliness, rather than the neglect of their captors, was answerable.

The broken and fragmentary style of a diary is not favourable to clearness or coherence; and Mr. Jones merely notes, day by day, the events that made an impression on his mind, seldom attempting to give anything like a complete view of any important subject. Thus it is only by piecemeal that we gather from his pages a view, so far as it was seen or understood in Richmond, and by the community at large, of the most remarkable feature of the later phase of the war—that decline of military enthusiasm which first forced the Government to resort to the conscription, and then, deepening into bitter aversion to the service, rendered even the conscription unavailing. At the outset, all

* *A Rebel War-Clerk's Diary at the Confederate States' Capital.* By J. B. Jones, Clerk in the War Department of the C. S. Government, Author of "Wild Western Scenes," &c. &c. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. London: Trübner & Co. 1866.

classes of the Southern people entered into the war with the utmost enthusiasm, expecting probably a brief and glorious struggle, and certainly with little idea of the worst hardships of warfare—the exhausting marches, the wet bivouacs, the havoc of disease, the frequent scarcity of provisions, the want of shoes and clothing, and all the thousand miseries of camp life with a defective commissariat, and in a half-settled country. These privations rendered the service far less popular than it had been at first; and at the same time the gradual exhaustion of the first levies, and the enormous numbers of the enemy, compelled the Southern Government to call upon the less warlike portion of the population, and to draft into the ranks men who had no taste for a soldier's life, and of whom—as is the case everywhere—a large proportion cared more for their own comfort and well-being than for the fortunes of their country. It must be remembered that the Southern conscription was not such as those of European nations. It was in fact a compulsory *levée en masse*, all the male citizens from the age of eighteen to forty-five being called out, with such exemptions as were deemed necessary for the conduct of the indispensable business of the country; and details being made from the active force to supply the military and other manufacturing establishments of the Government. The exemptions, as must always happen, were a cause of grievous complaint and discontent. Of course partiality was sometimes shown; and, equally of course, it was always imputed. The poorer whites, to whom it was a great hardship to be torn from their farms and families, declared that the rich planters were shirking their share of the common sacrifice; the truth apparently being that the patriotic energy of that class had been exhausted by the strain of its first efforts, and that none now remained at home but those who were wanting in martial spirit or in love for the cause—the flower of the youth having shouldered arms at the first call of the Government, and the survivors being still in the ranks. It seems certain that, from first to last, at least one-twelfth of the population of the eleven States which really composed the Confederacy were under arms in the national cause; and that of these not less than two-fifths perished by disease or by the sword, or returned home disabled. Such a drain upon the military energies and patriotic devotion of a nation could hardly fail to exhaust all the soldierly elements of the community. If these islands were called upon to furnish two millions and a half of soldiers, even for a struggle of life and death on our own soil, we should probably find a resort to force as necessary, and desertion and resistance as frequent, as was the case in the South during 1864. In the meantime, the conduct of the war was entrusted on the part of the North to a general who thoroughly understood the relative position of the two belligerents, and the only manner in which the superior resources of the North could be made to produce their full effect. He saw that the South could not be crushed, but that she might be exhausted; that while his own army could be reinforced to any extent, that of Virginia could with difficulty replace the losses of an ordinary campaign, and he based his system of operations on this calculation. The series of battles which brought General Grant from the Rappahannock to the James River gained him no strategical advantage. He was worsted in every encounter; he finally established himself at a point which he might have reached by water without striking a blow, and the campaign was popularly supposed to have cost him a hundred thousand men. But every battle fought was pure gain to the stronger party. The Federal losses were speedily repaired, while the victorious Southern army was wasted by fruitless successes. It was found impossible to bring in even half the number of recruits that the conscription was expected to yield, and the forces under Lee and Beauregard were unable effectually to maintain the long line of defence which was necessary to protect the communications of Richmond with the South. In the endeavour to secure this object, the South-Eastern States were denuded of troops, and General Sherman, who was as well informed as Grant of the internal weakness of the Confederacy, gradually pushed the Western army back into Georgia. The imprudent removal of Johnstone, and Hood's fatal march into Tennessee, only precipitated a catastrophe which was in any case inevitable. From the moment when the policy of bleeding the South to death had been conceived, and consistently put in force by a commander capable of steadily persevering in it, the issue of the war was decided. It is plain from this diary that the people of the South were as little aware of the hopelessness of their cause as the Northerners appeared at the time to be, and clung to the hope of final success to the very last moment. But it is also obvious that the leading generals and statesmen on both sides were aware of the impending result; that the Confederates were anxious, if possible, to come to a tolerable compromise; while Mr. Lincoln, assured of victory, now refused to listen to anything short of such a virtual surrender at discretion as no moralizing on the wickedness of fruitless bloodshed, no logical demonstration of the utter uselessness of protracting a contest which can have but one end, will ever extort from brave men till the very last extremity.

We hear something from the diarist of party disputes and jealousies in the Confederacy—of resistance to the central authority threatened by a State Government, of censures passed by Congress on particular departments of the Executive, and of refusals to authorize measures pronounced by the President essential to the public safety. We hear still more of complaints as to the manner in which Mr. Davis exercised his power, against his appointment of Northern-born officers to high commands, and the alleged neglect of particular generals obnoxious to the President or to his

advisers. But, on the whole, it seems evident that there was no serious disobedience to the wishes of the Confederate Government, that the entire resources of the country were at its disposal, and, on the whole, were well and wisely employed; that the President's selections of officers and dispositions for the different campaigns were generally judicious, just, and popular; and that the most fatal error of his career—the substitution of Hood for Johnstone at Atlanta—was loudly approved by popular opinion at Richmond, and not disagreeable to the Western army. The final catastrophe was not the result of political errors or military incapacity, but of the moral and material exhaustion which four years of unequal warfare had wrought upon a people overmatched, isolated, and assailed by a Power with triple numbers, with tenfold resources, and with the markets and surplus population of Europe at command. The only error of general policy with which the South can be charged is that of having prolonged the struggle after hope was over—of being too slow to recognise and accept defeat; and that error is one which Englishmen will never be willing to judge severely.

THRICE HIS.*

THERE is always a peculiar interest about the first book of an author. It is the entrance of a new aspirant into the great arena of literature, the *début* of a new actor on the stage where so many failures are made and so many successes gained; and we anxiously measure the weight and ability of the latest comer, and wonder whether we have here a star or a mere marsh-light—a marble statue to endure for all time, or a snow image to melt away as soon as made. And almost the first question we ask ourselves on reading a novel by an author unnamed is, Is it by a man or a woman? We have to judge by internal evidence only, and it is curious to note what small waymarks serve to guide our judgment, and how we extract undoubted evidence on one side or the other from the merest trifles of style and matter. Thus, in the book before us, *Thrice His*, we should say, judging by its familiarity with racing slang and stable slang and Indian slang, that it is written by a man. But, on the other hand, the aptness at millinery terms would seem to prove a woman; for a man scarcely goes into the minutiae of a lady's ball-dress to the extent of describing the gown as one of "voluminous blue silk trimmed with a net and lace overskirt, looped up with water-lilies and forget-me-nots, mixed with long shining grass." Then the mere outside description that it gives of women, its superficial estimate, and apparent inability to enter into their deeper thoughts and purely personal experiences, seem to indicate a man as the author; but, again, the want of anything like fixed purpose in the characters, the want of a dominant key-note, shows the more fluid and less trained feminine intellect. So that, on the whole, after reviewing all our waymarks carefully, we are inclined to pronounce the book the production of a clever, dashing woman—a woman too conversant with a bad style of society and a worthless manner of life, but who might do better things if she would, and who has the intellectual ability to rise out of her present low sphere if she has but the moral perception of something higher.

She is of course unpractised, and her work is full of faults which no veteran novelist would commit; but there is a vigour and dash about it which, though lamentably ill-employed, must not be ignored, and which, if turned to better purpose and used for higher ends, will have their full value in the literary world. At present, her vigour is coarseness rather than strength, and her dash is quite as much vulgarity as it is freedom, and must be utterly displeasing, we should say, to any one not of the same fast school as herself. And these are grave faults in a woman's work, especially when taken in connection with others of a more technical and professional kind, such as the creation of too many characters—or rather of too many names, for only very few people in *Thrice His* are characters at all in the true sense of the word, the rest being simply like so many elder pith tumblepegs, set up to fall down again—the want of stirring scenes and explanatory dialogues, the halting drag of the story, the overlaying of the main interest by too many side-growths, and above all the want of that strong yet subtle linking together of cause and effect which makes a story lifelike and interesting. In this book things come about too much of themselves and too little as the products of past circumstance; all the events are like creatures born full-grown, and we see very little of the growth or cause of anything that happens. We leap from one incident to another with no knowledge of the connecting lines, and we look about us half-bewildered, wondering how we have got here, and by what magic all the intervening space has been passed over. This want of orderly succession, this absence of all principle of growth, is especially apparent in the delineation of character; people are made to do and say the most wonderfully unlikely things without any adequate cause, the moral Why being always left out of sight. The character of Ethel is a simple self-contradiction; so is that of Arthur Wilmer, her husband. Ethel is a moral chameleon, and changes her nature according to her personal conditions as much as her prototype changes his colour according to his resting-place. So with her husband; the Arthur of the beginning, the middle, and the end of the book being certainly not portraits of the same man, take any number of years you like from boyhood to manhood, and any possible influence of circumstances on the character. In the

* *Thrice His*. A Tale. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

beginning he is a pleasant madcap boy enough; in the middle of the book he is a brute and a profligate; at the end he is a superficial easygoing fool, and undeniably vulgar and unprincipled throughout. As for Ethel, the reader is quite in the dark as to whom she loves after all. Is it Lawrence Amyot her guardian, Arthur Wilmer her husband, Lyell Marsden her mesmerizing lover, or Captain Chesterton, first lover and then "brother"? She changes from one to the other with edifying facility, yet she is meant to be all that is pure, high-souled, and noble; her very inconsistencies and inconstancies being amiable if not always admirable. Certainly it seems as if the authoress intended her to love Lawrence at the outset, and then changed her mind as she went on. As a child and as a wife he is always the name nearest to her heart, and most often on her lips; and yet the way in which she is made to give up this pure love for a man so noble, wise, and great as Lawrence Amyot, to gratify a mere fleeting passion for a handsome evil-natured scamp, is a gratuitous piece of moral cruelty and spiritual degradation. Such a woman as she is would have had more heart, more principle, more perception and consciousness of evil, and more self-knowledge. Yet how does she act in one of the gravest moments of her life? She has all but accepted Lawrence Amyot—she is actually writing the letter of acceptance—when Arthur Wilmer calls. She has not seen him often before, except at a few balls and the like, yet half a dozen warm words from him turn her from her apparently long-cherished love for Lawrence, and she flings over the man of whom she professes to be both proud and fond, for the sake of a pair of handsome eyes and a cruel, cold, sarcastic mouth.

Having sown the wind, Ethel reaps the whirlwind. She goes out to India with her husband, whose character now appears in its ugly colours. He gambles, drinks, is openly unfaithful and persistently unkind; he flings his wife into temptation, lives on her money, recklessly squandered, and is in every way both fast and cruel. Ethel, spotless as snow, gets compromised to such an extent that she is cut; yet the ordinary reader cannot see what she has done to be compromised at all, even in a strictly puritanical society, still less in one like that of India, where so much latitude is allowed to married women. However, partly by the machinations of the villain of the book, Lyell Marsden, who has set himself to seduce her, she is compromised sure enough; and when ladies look shy at her, and men say impertinences, and the Brigadier leaves her out of his grand ball, then she is, as he thinks, thrown into his power, and will give herself to him from mere weariness, and the need of love and care. There is a very warm scene between them when Ethel has been told that her husband openly frequents a certain little green bungalow where the *soi-disant* wife of a brother officer lives; yet her good genius eventually prevails, and she successfully resists the temptations very plainly offered by Marsden. Yet she by no means quarrels with the man who has besought her to become his mistress. Tainted in her reputation as she is, half in love with Marsden, and more than half in his power, she flies off to some friends, there apparently to decide whether she will get a divorce, forgive and return to her husband, or run away with her lover; she is in so chaotic and fluid a state of feeling and principle that the reader would not be surprised whatever she might do. In time comes Lyell Marsden as an ambassador from Arthur; but a treacherous one. He bears with him a letter full of apologies, repentance, and love; and he makes her believe that it is a letter she would do well not to read, and so burns it before her eyes unopened. When he carries back Ethel's indignant message, "Tell him I will never return," he believes that he has won the game he has pursued so long and on which he has staked so heavily, and that he holds the future now in his own hands. But Ethel escapes him a second time, and comes to England—looking to Lawrence Amyot for protection.

The scene where Lyell Marsden, returning from his unsatisfactory mission, sees Arthur Wilmer, has considerable merit; and the mingled grief and annoyance of the latter at his wife's hardness, is naturally drawn for such a frothy scamp as Arthur is now depicted—loose, unprincipled, with a certain kind of selfish fondness for Ethel still, and an animal-like good nature—a man who would condone his wife's infidelities as easily as he expects her to forgive his, and whose only wish is to be allowed to be "awfully jolly" in his own low way, and for people "not to make a row." In England, Ethel, described as this "great, clever, strong-minded, sceptical woman," but who is one of the weakest and most puerile of her sex in action, gives Lawrence Amyot a turn in the kaleidoscope of her affections. Breaking her heart for Arthur, burning and blushing over Lyell Marsden's amorous letters, she leans on Lawrence Amyot's broad breast, and lets her fingers stray amidst his "magnificent brown beard," "leaning back so that she could look up in his face with her fawn-like reproachful eyes." And this charmingly confiding conduct on the part of a separated wife, by this time well used to lovers and lovers' ways, is cut short by a tremendous kiss and outburst of Lawrence's lifelong love, and a response on her part which leaves the reader more than ever in doubt as to which of the three is at this moment the winning favourite, to adopt the authoress's own phraseology. This easy transfer of personal caressing was one of the master-strokes in Hetty's character in *Adam Bede*; but Hetty was a very different character from Ethel Wilmer—the one being avowedly the pabulum of which mistresses are made, the other intended to be the human lily crowned with stars; a little wilful perhaps, and at times decidedly naughty and perverse, but always a lily, and always with her stars. In the end she dies, and thus becomes "Thrice

His"—that is, thrice Lawrence Amyot's; twice his by reason of his having twice saved her life—the third time of possession being by her death.

It will be seen by the slight sketch that we have given of the principal theme of this book how irredeemably bad it is—bad in style and bad in substance. No good end can possibly be attained by showing how young married women are made the prey of seducers; and much harm may be done to the weaker sort by setting forth all this kissing and love-making and familiarity between men and young married women as a thing of course, and what both husbands and wives must expect and submit to. By no means joining in the cant cry so easily raised against all who touch on "dangerous" social topics, still we say that a story of seduction baulked or fulfilled is at best a questionable theme, and ought to be treated with infinite tenderness to make it endurable. Taken from the region of pity, and truth of passion, and depth of emotion, and the crying consciousness of guilt belonging to the sinful sorrows of humanity, into that of mere vulgar sensuality or commonplace levity, it becomes the chronicle only of an intrigue to be matched at any hour of the day or night in the Haymarket; the story ceases to be a threnody, and takes rank as a low street ballad. Thinking then, as we do, of the subject and manner of this book, and condemning both unequivocally, we have yet sufficient faith in the author's powers to bid her do better in the next attempt. Let her carefully avoid slang, pictures of fast life in all its phases, descriptions of how men attempt to seduce young wives, and of how young wives provoke and receive their caresses and declarations; let her curb her dashing humour into something more feminine, and therefore more strong; and let her draw from the pure wells of lofty thought and ennobling passion, and leave these foul ponds of vulgar vice. She is on a wrong road at present—a fatally wrong road; but there is time yet to turn back and retrace the evil way if she has the will to do so.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.*

WE spoke our mind some time back† as to the two great sights of the East and West of London, looked at as popular lions, and as exhibiting the two opposite extremes of good and bad management in their character of popular lions. We set forth how far the red coats of the East surpassed the black coats of the West—how, while a Westminster verger seemed expressly created to give the visitor the greatest possible amount of annoyance, a Tower beefeater certainly gave the least amount consistent with his discharging the functions of a guide at all. A more complete and scientific visit under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute confirms the favourable impression of all who have to do with the ancient fortress of our Kings. The building itself was fortunate in having for its exponent the first military antiquary of the day. Mr. Clark has long been known as the acute and accurate illustrator of the castles of South Wales; his lecture on the Tower fairly places him, in his own line, side by side with Professor Willis and Dr. Guest in their several lines. Mr. Clark bore energetic witness to the really intelligent interest in the place taken by all, high and low, who have any share in its management. And it was easy for any of his hearers to see for themselves that these were not mere words of passing compliment. The little book before us shows how thoroughly the chief resident officer of the Tower has learned to care for the treasures of which he has the immediate management, and it is easy to see that all his subordinates have, in their several ways and measures, drunk in the same spirit as their captain.

Lord De Ros' book is a purely popular one, and does not aspire to the rank of a scientific description or history of the fortress. For that we must wait till the London volume of the Institute supplies us with Mr. Clark's lecture in full. Lord De Ros does little more than give such an account of the building and its condition as may be intelligible to the ordinary visitor, followed by an account of the principal prisoners and other points connected with the history, mainly the later history, of the Tower. This, we suppose, is all that is needed for Lord De Ros' purpose; it certainly is all that he attempts. But what he does attempt he does very well. He tells his tale simply and straightforwardly, and shows everywhere that thorough love for the sphere of his own duties which makes us take kindly to the book and to its author. Lord De Ros is not likely to be tried as Brackenbury was, nor to be called on to play the part of "the villain Waad." Of late years the worst acts of injustice and barbarity done within the Tower precincts have been done upon the fabric of the Tower itself. But we are quite sure that, while Lord De Ros is in authority, no mischief will be done which the Lieutenant-Governor has either power or influence to prevent.

We say this advisedly, even though we cannot deny that, in the Tower, as in other places, zeal has here and there somewhat outrun discretion. The chapel in the White Tower, the architectural gem of the whole building, has certainly suffered from over-restoration. We are by no means certain that the ashlar of the pillars and capitals has not received a stroke or two more of the chisel than it ought to have done. We are quite certain that it was a mistake to remove the plaster and leave the rough masonry exposed. Such an exposure is unpleasing in itself, and it never

* *Memorials of the Tower of London.* By Lieut.-General Lord De Ros, Lieut.-Governor of the Tower. London: John Murray. 1866.

† *Saturday Review*, July 22, 1865.

was the practice of mediæval builders. Paint on the plaster by all means, but do not take the plaster away. Even whitewash is not so great an heresy as some people think. The Abbey of Fécamp, as founded by Richard the Fearless, late in the tenth century, was whitewashed outside and painted with historical subjects within. "Extrinsecus dealbavit et intrinsecus historialiter depinxit," says Dean Dudo of St. Quintin. St. Alban's Abbey and Llandaff Cathedral were also whitewashed within, and we suspect that the White Tower itself got its name from an outer coat of the same despised material.

To the antiquary this noble keep and the noble chapel which it contains form the greatest attraction of the Tower. It may be remarked that it gives its name to the whole range of buildings; we always say the Tower of London, never the Castle. None of the later associations of the place speak out so clearly and directly as the palace-fortress of the Conqueror, built to curb the city which, after resisting so many enemies, had at last found a master. The power of Swend and Cnut had been more than once shattered in pieces beneath the walls of London. The wary Norman determined that the city which had once opened its gates to him should never again escape from his grasp. The architect was Gundulf, Bishop of Rochester, the greatest military architect of his time; but the building breathes the very spirit of William itself. It is built in the same style, severe and sparing in ornament, but very far from rude or unfinished, which marks his own great minster at Caen. Such a style is just what one would expect from the character of the man. The building however which, as far as we know, is more like the chapel in the White Tower than any other in Christendom is not to be looked for in any part of William's dominions, insular or Continental. Any one who has seen the magnificent Abbey of St. Sernin at Toulouse will at once recognise the chapel in the Tower as a miniature of it. They agree in the use of the barrel-vault, and in the presence of a triforium and absence of a clerestory. The two buildings are contemporary, but there is no reason to suppose that the smaller is an imitation of the greater. The Aquitanian architects practised the art of vaulting over large spaces much earlier than those of Normandy or England. The form that they used was the barrel-vault. Our architects may not yet have been venturesome enough to throw vaults over such large spaces, or they may really not have liked the barrel-form on so large a scale, as it certainly carried with it some manifest disadvantages. The clerestory is always a prominent feature in a Norman minster; in the Aquitanian churches of all sizes it is constantly omitted. The clerestory and the barrel-vault cannot well be harmonized, and the Norman builders preferred the clerestory. But in the chapel in the Tower, with its aisles made in the thickness of the castle wall, the clerestory could not be introduced, and, in a building on so small a scale, no one need shrink from a vault. The arrangements of St. Sernin, therefore, follow almost as a matter of course, without any need to suppose that Gundulf had his eye on the great work which was going on at Toulouse. Another building, analogous as far as the vault is concerned, is the monks' choir at Ewenny in Glamorganshire. In all these three cases, the barrel-vault is round. In Pembrokeshire and Jersey, we believe, universally, and very commonly in Aquitaine, it is pointed.

The other chapel in the Tower, that of St. Peter *ad vincula*, is in some sort even richer in association than that of St. John in the White Tower. But there is a wide difference between the two. In the chapel of the Conqueror everything reminds us of its founder; we seem almost to speak with the mighty Bastard face to face. But it needs a powerful effort of the imagination to realize the fact that a very poor and late church, much disfigured by bad modern arrangements—a church such as any Somersetshire or Northamptonshire village would be ashamed of—is truly the resting-place of so many worthies and martyrs. An eloquent passage of Lord Macaulay makes us remember that it is so, but the building itself awakens no feeling but simple wonder that so poor a structure ever found its way into such a spot.

The Tower, as a whole, is less impressive than might be expected. Though many incongruous excrescences have been got rid of, it is still not a little spoiled by the modern buildings—barracks, storehouses, and what not—which, we fear, are necessary, as long as the fortress is put to any practical use. And it is doubtless only the practical uses to which it has been put which have preserved it at all. A site in such a position would be far too valuable to be given up to the pious contemplation of ruins. Even the White Tower itself has suffered greatly from the casing which it received in the time of Charles the Second. The small cupolas on the turrets are also out of character; still the general outline and distinct effect of the huge Norman keep are not seriously interfered with. It is still one of the most striking objects in any general view of London which takes it in, and in its stern simplicity it affords an instructive contrast to the gorgeousness of the modern Palace which acts as its rival in the West.

Lord De Ros will, we are sure, be better pleased with us for talking at some length about the Tower itself than if we had talked more at length about his own book. He goes through most of the more famous inmates, from Richard the Second to the Cato-Street conspirators. Nor does he at all confine himself to human prisoners. Henry the Third's white bear is an old friend, but, in these days, when it is thought wonderful for a single live fish to have made its way to some point near London Bridge, it is pleasant to picture to ourselves the huge beast, held by a

long and strong cord, catering for himself in the river—"Unam longam et fortem cordam, ad tenendum eum ursum piscantem in aqua Tamisie." Then there was the same King's elephant, who seems to have aroused as much wonder as the earlier elephant who figures in the Annals of Eginhard. As Lord De Ros says, expenses of this kind seem to have been very conveniently thrown on the City of London. Both white bear and elephant were better off than their successors four centuries later. Though the baiting of animals was already, as William Fitz-Stephen witnesses, a favourite amusement, it had not yet been extended to the royal beasts in the Tower. To worry his own lions was the choice invention of the British Solomon. The battles of the mastiffs and lions are familiar to readers of Bewick's Quadrupeds, but there is another fight which is less familiar, and which throws a curious light upon the way of doing almsdeeds practised by "that sanctified person" to whom the English Bible is dedicated. King James at least forestalled the maxim of Tate and Brady:—

What his charity impairs
He saves by prudence in affairs.

Here is the story:—

Another combat was exhibited on the 23rd June, 1609, when King James, and all his family, with divers noblemen and many others, assembled in the Tower "to see a trial of the lyon's single valour, against a great fierce beare, who had killed a child that was negligently left in the beare-house;" yet neither "the great lyon," which was first "put forth," nor "divers other lyons," nor "the two young lustie lions, which were bred in that yard, and were now grown great," could be induced to fight, but all "sought the next way into their dennes, as soone as they espied the trap-doors open." A stone-horse, however, which had been turned into the same yard, would have been worried to death by six dogs, had not the King commanded the bearwards to rescue him. About a fortnight afterwards, the bear was baited to death upon a stage, by the King's order; "and unto the mother of the murdered child was given twenty pounds, out of the money which the people gave to see the bear kill'd."

On this Lord De Ros truly observes:—

It is not easy to imagine a more disgusting display, or a greater mockery of justice and charity, than this niggardly device of the King's for saving his own pocket, by the contributions of a collection of spectators of tastes as brutal as his own.

Lord De Ros explains at some length the difficulty of getting any repairs or restorations done in the Tower, the number of hands through which everything has to pass, and the utter want of authority on the part of the Constable and other officers of the Tower. Great barbarisms were done as lately as 1852, and others were threatened in 1857. Let Lord De Ros tell his own story:—

The chapel of St. John, in the upper story of the White Tower, was, until a very few years back, most improperly used as a repository for obsolete records. On the erection of the General Record Office in Lincoln's Inn, in the year 1857, the whole of the State Papers were cleared out from this and other parts of the Tower, and removed to the new establishment. It will scarcely be believed that an attempt was made, on that occasion, to take possession of this ancient and historical chapel, as a clothing store for the War Department, and in spite of the remonstrances of Lord Combermere (then Constable) this appropriation would have taken place, but for a change of Government, which occurred within a few days after the order had been issued. General Peel then came into office, and, admitting the propriety of the Constable's objection, saved the Chapel from further desecration.

The repair of the defences also was intermitted from 1852 till 1862, when they were again taken in hand by Sir George Lewis—it is odd that Lord De Ros does not know his proper description, but calls him "Mr. Lewis" and "the Right Honourable F. Lewis"—and after him by Lord De Grey. At present, no edifice within the Tower walls can be "built, altered, or restored, until the plans and elevations have been officially submitted for Her Majesty's personal approval." So we trust that there is an end of such doings as took place only fourteen years ago.

VENETIAN LIFE.*

MR. HOWELLS' reminiscences of Venice are worthy of more than a passing glance, for he is not to be confounded with the crowd of superficial observers which annually floats through the city. His opinions are founded on the experience acquired during a three years' residence, and are entitled, therefore, to a very different reception from that which suffices for the hastily pencilled impressions of an enthusiastic or cynical excursionist. We have had enough of momentary glimpses and hurried notes by the way; we are weary of sketches of what our author calls "that pathetic swindle" the Bridge of Sighs, of that Rialto saw, as Mr. Ruskin says, no great merchant of Venice ever saw, and of that Giant's Staircase down which Faliero's head did not roll. But we are interested in knowing what the Venetians are really thinking and talking about, what share they take in the movement with which all Italy is now agitated, and how far the inner life of the city corresponds with its outer semblance of romantic melancholy. On all these points Mr. Howells is well qualified to give information, and he conveys it in a very pleasant style. He evidently possesses a good fund of common sense and a fair share of humour, and they have saved him from some of the dangers which beset unwary admirers of Italy's gift of beauty. A kindly feeling towards the people among whom he dwelt makes itself clearly apparent throughout his book, but he is never offensively enthusiastic on the subject of their merits. Now and then, it is true, he indulges in a little fine writing, as when describing the sunset on

* *Venetian Life*. By Wm. D. Howells. London: Trübner & Co.

the lagoon where "the sun goes down into the water with a broad trail of bloody red behind him, as if, wounded far out at sea, he had dragged himself landward across the crimsoning expanses, and fallen and died before he had reached the land"; and he is unnecessarily eloquent on the effect of the Venetian climate on swallows, which "here all day wheel and dart through the air, and shriek out a delight too intense and precipitate for song." In the same poetic vein Mr. Howells writes of the beauty of the Piazza San Marco when "the moon was full, and snowed down the mellowest light on the gray domes, which in their soft, elusive outlines, and strange effect of far-withdrawal, rhymed like faint-heard refrains to the bright and vivid arches of the façade"; and he concludes an account of the glories of a lovely winter night by saying:—

The Lido sank from sight upon the east, as if the shore had composed itself to sleep by the side of its beloved sea, to the music of the surge that gently beats its sands; the yet leafless boughs of the trees above me stirred themselves together, and out of one of these trembling towers in the lagoons, one rich, full throb burst from the heart of a bell, too deeply stricken with the glory of the scene, and suffused the languid night with the murmur of luxurious, ineffable sadness.

But allowance must be made for authors living at Venice. Like the swallows, they are affected by the climate's charm, and thrilled at times by an ecstatic delight, "too intense and precipitate" for articulate utterance. More especially is this the case during the delicious spring weather, for then, it seems, no one can avoid falling into a state of poetic dreaminess in which

through lifts of flying fancies you behold the old blue sky of childhood where heaven used to be; and Titian's child-virgin no longer ascends the temple steps in Jerusalem to meet the high-priest, but, shining in that halo with which the master's hand has clothed her, mounts the stairs that rose, in De Quincy's trance, from the window of the cathedral, on mighty organ tones, into unfathomable depths of glory and light.

Venice is indeed charming in the spring, especially to those who have spent the winter there, and found that an Italian Christmas may be anything but a season of cheerfulness. The Germans have introduced stoves at Venice, but, perhaps for that very reason, the Venetians cannot be induced to use them, preferring their native and natural cold to the artificial heat produced by foreign contrivances. The consequence is that they suffer terribly from chilblains, their hands becoming "objects pitiable and revolting to behold when the itching and the effort to allay it has turned them into bloated masses of sores," especially to be objected to in the case of persons who bring the visitor's bread, cut his cheese, and weigh out his sugar. The worst sufferers in this way are those whose duties compel them to attend in the churches, but the whole population shivers painfully while the cold lasts, and the "harsh raw winter complexion" of the women of all classes bears testimony to its ill effects. By day the Venetians spend as much of their time as possible in the open air for the sake of the sun's warmth, and at night the men crowd the close little cafés, where they beguile the time with "solemn loafing, and the perusal of dingy little journals, drinking small cups of black coffee, and playing long games of chess," spending evenings which seemed to Mr. Howells as torpid and lifeless as a Laplander's. Throughout the winter months, he says, "the whole city *sniffs*," the custom being so universal that at times he "wildly wondered if Desdemona, in her time, sniffed, and found a little comfort in the reflection that Shylock must have had a cold in his head." But spring comes at last, and with it a season of blissful content, fraught with "a deep sense of the sweetness of doing nothing, and an indifference to all purposes and chances," a time when "Repose takes you to her inmost heart, and you learn her secrets—arcana unintelligible to you in the new-world life of bustle and struggle." Then comes the fiery heat of summer, almost as painful as the winter's cold, followed by the glories of autumn, rich in sunsets and English tourists. Mr. Howells is not an enthusiastic admirer of our nation. "Americans do not like these people," he says, and he believes there is no love lost on the other side. We voyage through all countries, he tells us, without awakening fervent affection in any land through which we pass; but he admits that our sterling honesty and truth have made the English tongue a draft upon the unlimited confidence of the Continental peoples, "and French, Germans, and Italians trust and respect private English faith as cordially as they hate public English perfidy." We can scarcely give credence to the statement made by one of the Fathers of the Armenian Convent, although it was uttered with "the sly relish of a shrewd observer of men," that some of the English visitors "came with the notion that Lord Byron was an Armenian"; though we can fully believe in the story told by the same authority, "how a sharp, bustling, go-ahead Yankee rushed in one morning, rubbing his hands, and demanding, 'Show me all you can in five minutes.'" But another of Mr. Howells' anecdotes bears the unmistakable stamp of truth. One day he observed an English family party pausing before Titian's "John the Baptist," in the gallery of the Venetian Academy. For some time they gazed in silence, but at last, as the sublime figure of the Baptist, one of the most impressive, if not the most religious, that the master has painted, and the wild and singular beauty of the landscape made itself felt through the infinite depths of their respectability, the father of the family and the head of the group uttered approval of the painter's conception: "Quite my idea of the party's character," he said, and then silently and awfully led his domestic train away.

Of the upper classes in Venice Mr. Howells does not seem to have formed a very favourable opinion. The modern Venetian gentleman he describes as a vapid loungeur, knowing absolutely

nothing about literature or art, dressed in the worst possible taste, and spending a useless life in sauntering, gossiping, and flirtation, "It was the proud reply," we are told, "of a Venetian father, when asked of what profession his son was, '*E in Piazza!*'" That was, he bore a cane, wore light gloves, and stared from Florian's windows at the ladies who went by." The ladies receive scarcely any education, and are brought up in habits of utter idleness. The young girls are jealously excluded from society, and "instead of learning cookery and other domestic arts have the grievous burden of idleness added to that of their solitary confinement, not only among the rich and noble, but among that large class which is neither and wishes to appear both." The innocent amusements of society are neither brilliant nor attractive, every one who takes part in them seeming to be thoroughly ill at ease, and "writhing under self-imposed restraints." A musical soirée, for instance, which in America would have been attended by people "chatty, sprightly, and sociable, given to making acquaintance and to keeping up acquaintance," Mr. Howell describes as

a spectacle of ladies planted in formal rows of low-necks and white dresses around the four sides of the room, and of gentlemen restively imprisoned in dress-coats and white gloves in another. During the music all these devoted people listened attentively, and at the end the ladies lapsed back into their chairs and fanned themselves, while the gentlemen walked up and down the floor of their cell, and stopped, two by two, at the door of the ladies' room, glanced mournfully athwart the moral barrier which divided them, and sadly and dejectedly turned away.

Anything like intellectual conversation is unknown at these meetings, and its place is supplied by the

idle gossip and guilty scandal which eat all sense of shame and pity out of Venice. There is no parallel to the prying, tattling, backbiting littleness of the place elsewhere in the world. A small country village in America or England has its meddlesomeness, but not its worldly wicked sharpness. Figure the meanness of a chimney-corner gossip, added to the bitter shrewdness and witty penetration of a gifted roué, and you have some idea of Venetian scandal.

The people, shut out from public and free discussion of religious and political themes, "occupy themselves with private slander, and rend each other in their abject desperation." As for the old glories of the Republic, they are scarcely remembered, and the names of her great men are now well-nigh forgotten. Mr. Howells paid a visit on one occasion to the old Servite Convent in the hope of finding there some relic of Paolo Sarpi:—

I was curious enough [he says] to make some inquiry among the workmen on the old convent ground, whether any stone or other record commemorative of Sarpi had been found in the demolished cells. I hoped, not very confidently, to gather some trace of his presence there—to have, perhaps, the spot on which he died shown to me. To a man, they were utterly ignorant of Sarpi, while affecting in the Italian manner to be perfectly informed on the subject. I was passed, with my curiosity, from one to another, till I fell into the hands of a kind of foreman, to whom I put my questions anew.

All that he could say was, that a stone with Sarpi's name upon it had been found in the demolished church, and the padrone who had the contract for building the new convent had said, "Truly, I have heard speak of this Sarpi"; but the stone had been broken, and he did not know what had become of it.

Mr. Howells says very little about the rule of the Austrians in Venice, but he complains in feeling terms of the annoyance caused to the foreigner residing there, and the solitude to which he is reduced, by the hatred felt for them by the Italians. Individually, he says, the Austrians are amiable people, and try not to give offence, and he has never seen the slightest affront offered by a soldier to a citizen, so there is no personal ill-will engendered between the rulers and the ruled; but the hatred is a purely political feeling, and it has been kept in a state of perpetual tension by an elaborate political machinery. The Comitato Veneto has been as successful as the National Government in Poland was during the late insurrection in thwarting the will of the authorities, and baffling their attempts to drag it into the light. For years it has maintained its existence in Venice, constantly issuing addresses and proclamations from its private presses, keeping up a perpetual espionage upon the police and their agents, and performing functions of various kinds with uniform success. On all patriotic anniversaries it has taken care that salutes should be fired and the proper number of red, white, and green lights displayed. By its hands the walls have been kept inscribed with revolutionary sentiments, and by its precautions all the attempts of the Austrians to revive popular festivities have been frustrated. On the promenades, in the Place of St. Mark, and even in the Cathedral itself, patriotism has been stimulated by the explosion of petards; and the offence of going to the opera, or listening to the Austrian band, has never been allowed to pass unnoticed by a brief but significant warning. Constant arrests have been made by the Government of persons suspected of belonging to the Committee, but none of its members have ever been identified, that mysterious body being reported to have agents in every official department, and thus to be kept thoroughly well informed of every hostile movement. By this time, we may trust, its work is done for ever, and when it has abdicated its functions, and the city is freed from the double pressure it has borne so long, it is to be hoped that a brighter life may be in store for the people who have so long been in mourning, and that future travellers may wonder that there ever could have been a time when so friendly a witness as Mr. Howells could say, "There is no greater social dulness and sadness, on land or sea, than in contemporary Venice."

JAMES MEETWELL.*

NO one but a Scotchman largely endowed with that insensibility to the ridiculous which Sydney Smith has predicated of the nation could have written this book. In spite of this, or rather because of this, it is well worth reading. The autobiography of an ordinary shopkeeper does not promise to be very lively, still less would it warrant an expansion into two thick volumes. As the editor of this work puts it in his preface, with a naïve prolixity which seems to us to identify him with the author, a book of this kind has to encounter a peculiar "difficulty"—the difficulty being "to engage to any extent the attention of the reader." In other words, a narrative of the life of one "who has enjoyed the pleasures, borne the pains, and fulfilled the duties incident to our common humanity," if the pleasures, pains, and duties have been of the most commonplace kind, is likely to be extremely dull. But there are tradesmen and tradesmen; and Mr. James Meetwell, from the utter absence of reserve or self-consciousness which marks his confessions, as well as the mingled shrewdness and simplicity which they betray, really succeeds in investing his subject with an interest which does not intrinsically belong to it. The story of his life is the simplest possible. Apprenticed by his uncle to an Edinburgh shopkeeper, he takes into his head a fancy to turn farm-labourer. This boyish resolution was the result of reading *Hervey's Meditations*, which led him to suppose that a rural life was the most likely to conduce to the practice of virtue and to ensure happiness. "I thought," he tells us, "of the unbroken quiet which, as a farmer or something else which I had not yet decided on, I would enjoy in the country." A brief residence in the country dissipates these Arcadian dreams, and Mr. Meetwell returns once more to town and shop life—this time in Glasgow. Here he makes many acquaintances, chiefly among his fellow-clerks and commercial travellers, all of whose portraits he elaborates with photographic minuteness. Some of the young shopmen of Glasgow were fast youths, and among the pleasures incident to our common humanity to which the newcomer was introduced was dancing. Excited by the fiddle of a dancing-master who lived opposite the counting-house, he arranged to have some lessons. He does not seem to have been a very apt pupil, invariably getting "confused" in the country-dance. On one occasion he had got a "modest-like" young lady for partner, and was half down the dance, when to his consternation a "new and complicated affair was introduced." This was enough to perplex the most expert Terpsychorean. There was nothing for our reminiscient but to retire. The following colloquy ensues:—"Do you know that dance well?" "No." "Well, I do not know it at all. Would you have any objections to retire?" "Had I got a little dancing at an early age," adds Mr. Meetwell, with comic pathos, "it would have saved me this awkward exposure." Later he seems to share Dr. Close's opinion about this amusement, and enumerates as a warning the young shopmen who fell victims to the temptation. Even in his own case he ran some risk. "But for the degree of reserve," he says, "which belongs to me from constitution, education, and habit, I have more than once felt my self-possession deserting me." Drinking, however, seems to have been the besetting weakness of the tradesmen of those days. The club or friendly society usually led to habitual intemperance. On his return from Glasgow to manage his uncle's business, our author fell into the habit of attending a club. No part of his conduct through life sits heavier on his mind. He was always ready, if opportunity offered, to come home early; but if "the jaw, or the controversy, or the singing became animated," he was persuaded into sitting later. All he can say is that he kept within bounds, being never absent from the morning bath or the shop, though haunted by conscience, which told him that he was a sinner and on the broad path. To show the tendency of such clubs to ruin young men, he adds an inventory of his fellow-sinners. One was "naturally impudent, but he did not seem aware of it." Another was very taciturn, and imbibed his heavy wet very slowly. A third had "a fine instinct for going home when 'fou.'" The winks or innuendoes and comic faces of a fourth were irresistible. Another was "fond of shell-fish, and would eat up 'breasts, insides, big toes, little toes, and all,' ere leaving. After this, one is not surprised to hear that the hero of this remarkable gastronomical feat was never to be seen next day before twelve o'clock. The ordinary topics of club talk were theatricals, the ladies, military and naval commanders, occasionally religious topics, the Leith smacks, street-walkers, and Parliamentary characters; rather an odd jumble, now and then diversified with a quarrel, when "'It's a d—d lie!'" was a good ringing interjection." Mr. James Meetwell's disgust at his club was completed by the way in which he was induced to spend a fast-day, when, instead of going to church, he was persuaded to go to Fife for a sail, and between boat-fare, cards, and drink expended the sum of nineteen shillings and eightpence. The next morning he was literally horror-struck. His conclusion is a very sensible one, that a club man is in great danger of becoming a drunkard, and is rendered unfit for domestic life, the tavern consuming all "the spare time which, if spent in mutual improvement, reading, and conversation, makes conjugal life so very pleasant and so very safe."

In this safe haven he shortly after drops anchor. Nothing is quaint or more characteristic than the way in which, among

details of business and sketches of brother shopmen and commercial travellers, every particular of his courtship and marriage is set forth. We are told how his Eliza was a milliner's apprentice, who lived with a worldly-minded aunt who frowned upon his suit, and pressed her niece to accept Mr. Homespun, a rich shopowner with an alarming gold watch and bunch of seals; how he solicited and received by letter a lock of her hair, the sight of which caused him to forget the steak upon which he was about to dine; how he treated her at some strawberry gardens, and walked on the Calton Hill, she wearing "a ruby-coloured mantle, relieved by a border of green and yellow," the effect of which must have been brilliant in the extreme; how their discourse was "very various and rather of a general nature," though he slightly offended her by looking too closely into her eyes; and how his sweetheart managed at last to escape from the dragon who guarded her, and was married to him without her mother's consent. The scene of the wedding is highly diverting. He owns to having felt slightly disappointed at his bride's appearance, the outline of her cheek being a little harder than formerly. The lady, on her part, was a little put out by his carrying a walking-stick, which some one innocently suggested was symbolical of the order in which she was henceforth to be kept. In company with an old Glasgow friend, who prided himself on his being a neat whip, they start for a wedding-jant, three in a gig. The gig was six inches wider than other gigs, but in spite of this, "when Walter as driver had got his seat, and Eliza was comfortably placed, there was not a seat for me." The bridegroom was naturally annoyed, but wisely put the best face on the matter, and, notwithstanding "his attitude of a half stand-up," gave the word for a start. "He *did* make our pony go," exclaims our autobiographer with involuntary admiration; "yet I would not have turned corners so very smartly as he did; and if I was alarmed I kept it to myself." The situation was made more trying by the volleys of "chaff" which the friendly Jehu kept firing off at the bridegroom. Not the least amusing feature in the history of this affair are the copious extracts which our Scottish merchant culls from his own love-letters. Each of them, he tells us, contained 160 lines; and such headings as "From my Eleventh," "From my Twenty-third," indicate not only the fluency of his pen, but the business-like manner in which effusions which ordinary men prefer to forget have been labelled ready to hand for ulterior use.

In his second volume our "Merchant" unfolds the story of his domestic anxieties and business difficulties. A tradesman's career would seem to be anything but a bed of roses. The struggle to keep himself afloat by means of a system of accommodation bills, which he relates in great detail, becomes a little monotonous to the general reader, but is no doubt highly instructive to members of his own class. His chief "error" seems to have been a sanguine temper, and a disposition to rely on handsome, well-dressed, and plausible associates—a spice of romance which gleams oddly through the national "cannyness." While his affairs were in a precarious state, owing to engagements with a flashy commercial traveller, the crisis of 1825 occurred, and brought him to the verge of bankruptcy. By the efforts of his friends, however, a collapse was averted, and his business was henceforward placed on a sounder footing. One of the most entertaining scenes in the book is that of the complimentary dinner given to him on this happy event, when his health is proposed by the fascinating scamp who had got him into trouble, "with all the sweetness and dignity of a gentleman." The speech of Mr. Nobleman is a gem in its way. After frankly admitting the mischief which he had done, the orator proceeds to draw a parallel between his friend and himself. They were both rich in friends. But there was a wonderful similarity in their lots. Both had been widowers left with a family. A father could not do much under these trying circumstances. He must look out for another who might be clothed with the authority of a mother to his children. He knew of no station more arduous and honourable for a conscientious lady to fill. Every eye is upon her. Nothing was more honourable to Scotland than the fact that she contained so many excellent stepmothers. After remarking that he himself had twice led partners to the altar, Mr. Nobleman concludes with the following impassioned peroration, which suggests that, among his other errors, he had committed bigamy:—

"Ah, gentlemen, may you never speak from experience, as I now do! But when a poor fellow's back is at the wall, when those eyes are coldly averted that used to be obsequiously civil, and he returns home fagged and worn out, there he meets no looks but those of sympathy and kindness—his basin is filled with water, towel, and soap by one, his seat placed near the fire by another . . . he is softened; he finds he has much to live for yet, and he is braced anew for the conflict."

The allusion to stepmothers will prepare the reader to hear that Mr. Meetwell had contracted a second marriage, Eliza having died of decline. Any account of his second "partner" the autobiographer thinks would be a sort of desecration to the memory of the first. He cannot find courage to describe "her who came in the place of Eliza." He appeals to the delicacy of the reader, "to whom this will appear very natural, even though he does not recur to the fact that the husband who has buried his first love keeps her name even as a mystery behind the green curtain in the house of his second nuptials." Perhaps he is right; but what on earth is meant by the "mystery behind the green curtain in the house of second nuptials"? It sounds like something out of *Blue Beard*.

The concluding chapter of this work, which "the Scottish Merchant" rightly entitles "a Panegyric," we may recommend to Mr. Matthew Arnold's notice, not only as highly typical of the

* James Meetwell; or, Incidents, Errors, and Experiences in the Life of a Scottish Merchant. Edinburgh: Wm. Nimmo. 1866.

middle-class intelligence which he views with so much pity, but as a splendid specimen of smug British Philistinism. The burden of Mr. Meetwell's rhapsody is that in these favoured islands we have everything of the best—the best army, the greatest colonies, the most money, the largest commerce, the most skilful agriculture, the finest aristocracy. The very outside of a British peer is charming to the eye. "It is pleasant," he exclaims, "to see a nobleman riding a powerful horse, or, like Palmerston, walking a dozen miles at a time to dinner." We may express a doubt in passing whether the late Premier ever accomplished such a feat in pedestrianism; it was more in his line to bestride a "powerful horse." Then justice flows down our streets like a stream; pious clergy instruct us, our towns bristle with schools. There are a few specks in this glowing panorama. One is that we have not learnt to utilize our sewage. Another is the Game-laws. A third is the "filthy practice" of smoking. The fourth is religious revivals. By the side of these things the condition of the Dorsetshire labourer and the Casual Pauper pale into insignificance, or perhaps "the Scottish Merchant" reckons the latter among the triumphs of our civilization.

TRANSLATIONS FROM EURIPIDES.*

THE tragedies of Euripides are by no means a bad field for translators, and they possess this attraction, that the ground has hitherto lain well nigh fallow. Potter's version is poor, loose, and stilted. Woodhull has, it may be, more of the poet in him, but is quite as apt to run wide of the meaning of the Greek. And though there have been divers translations of single plays from time to time, not more than one in twenty of these is good enough to deserve mention. Yet there can be no good reason why this should be so, seeing that Euripides is, in Aristotle's opinion, the most tragical of the tragedians. His speeches, if here and there more commonplace than those of his great rivals, abound in fine sonorous passages, and are certainly less full of difficulty to interpreters. His choral odes, too, are less enigmatic and puzzling, and are worked up to a more comprehensible consistency. Now and then his fluent style is varied by outbreaks of intense passion, and snatches of marvellous grace and beauty. Especially, notwithstanding his being everlastingly twitted with "misogyny," Euripides furnishes more admirable portraits of that sex to which he seems to have owed least kindness than the rough and grand Æschylus, or the refined and delicate Sophocles. Say what we may of the scope of his *Alcestis*, its heroine at least is no integral part of a farce or burlesque, though by ill-luck she may have fallen into it. Macaria, in the glimpses afforded of her maidenly patriotism, lights up and atones for the dulness of the "Heraclidae." Though all three tragedians press her into their service, Milton has singled out Euripides as "sad Electra's poet," and, as we are reminded in perusing the volume of Euripidean translations which lies before us, his two Iphigenias constitute a valid title to the credit of truthful insight into woman's self-sacrificing nature. One may not envy, but one must surely admire, his treatment of such a subject as Hippolytus; and as for the *Medea*, it may be affirmed that the poet has left no finer conception of his genius, no truer idea of a high-spirited and much-wronged woman. It is all very well to call this poet a woman-hater. It suited Aristophanes to make the most of this charge; but when Euripides eschews the tameness of such female non-entities as the Tecmessas of Sophocles, and elevates the physically weaker sex by attributing to it daringness and devotion of soul and heart, equal, whether for good or evil, to man's, he surely frees himself from the imputation, and gives tokens of a study of female character as just as, considering his personal experiences, it is dispassionate. *Medea*, at any rate, cannot be quoted as a depreciative portraiture. With her dabbings in magic and the like, one hardly looks for highly regulated passions or nice proprieties of demeanour in the Colchian princess, and, if we found them, she would seem less fit for the heroine of a forceful and tumultuous tragedy. But from first to last she has a hold on the sympathies of her audience, and her grievance against Jason is more real and justifiable than that of Clytemnestra against Agamemnon. Her wildest passion is natural passion, although, swaying an impetuous woman, it leads to very tragical results. And the poet does well to exalt this injured and neglected wife above that extraordinary specimen of a self-justifying bigamist, her husband. If any, however, in support of the charge of misogyny, are minded to quote that famous railing passage (*Med.* 569-75, p. 36, E. T.) which ends with the sentiment that it had been better for the world had woman never been created, it may be replied that the sentiment is put into the mouth of Jason, whom Euripides pointedly lowers in the estimation of his audience; and, so far from indicating the poet's own feeling, it is introduced to heighten the nonchalance of a gay deceiver, whom, to tell the truth, the ladies seem to have considerably spoilt by their preference.

The Iphigenias serve to develop a more tranquil phase of womanly character, and it would be hard to instance in ancient tragedy prettier or more graceful pictures of gentle maidenhood than where Iphigenia is described as meeting her father on her arrival at Aulis, or where she deprecates death by calling to mind

the sweet memorials of his joy in her when an infant. At a later point she rises to grandeur of character, nor is it to be forgotten that her resolve of self-devotion, when arrived at, springs out of generous reluctance to involve her gallant champion Achilles in popular odium through his proposed interposition. Nor is the charm investing the poet's creation of *Iphigenia in Aulis* wanting to his fellow-play, the *Iphigenia at Tauri*—an earlier tragedy, indeed, the success whereof may have suggested the later. The pure and elevated priestess of Diana to whom we are here introduced can scarcely have been conceived by an out-and-out woman-hater. We are disposed to treat the charge as a libel, and to wish that tardy justice were done to a poet who has so much to recommend him to the favour of translators. The plays of Euripides that are commonly read at schools are not his best. There they form the text-book of only lower forms, whilst by University students they are for the most part disregarded. Were it otherwise, he could scarcely fail of that higher appreciation to which, in spite of some faults of plot, plan, and execution, the majority of his dramas fairly entitle him.

But it has been the luck of Euripides to suffer manifold indignities at the hands of many. Comedians and critics have had their wilful and vicious slings at him, and have charged him with blasphemy, bombast, and what not, as well as woman-hating. From his own age until now he has come in for an undue share of defamation and damaging treatment. It may be doubted, however, whether the "unkindest cut of all" is not that inflicted by an incompetent translator, who, professing admiration, murders him with a show of kindness. What Euripides wants is a translator of such calibre as half a score of living scholars whose handiwork has been noticed in these pages; not the superficial services of one whose scholarship is inaccurate, whose views on translation are only now being formed, and who, to do him justice, expects no other result of his work (we cannot call it "labour") save amusement to himself. Mr. Cartwright, we are aware, pleads "the sere and yellow leaf," and asks the critics to be a little blind to his faults; but we are bound to say that, after limiting ourselves, in consideration of this touching appeal, to the not over-vigilant use of half an eye, we have stumbled promiscuously on at least a bushel of blunders.

To substantiate this assertion, we call attention, in the first place, to the singular indecision which has induced him to exhibit in the space of this one book three distinct theories of choral translation. In the first half of it, those choruses of the *Medea* and *Iphigenia in Aulis* which in the original are richest in grace and beauty (e.g. *Medea* 627-62, ἱρωτες ἐπὶ μὴν ἔγαν κ.τ.λ.—*Ibid.* 824-65, ἔρχεσθαι τὸ παλαιὸν ὄλβιον κ.τ.λ.—*Iph.* in *Aul.* 542-90, Μάκαρες οἱ μετρίας θεοῦ κ.τ.λ.) are turned into verse so sadly blank that, but for the device of smaller print than usual, nothing would help us to divine that we had stepped out of the region of iambs and trochaics into a lyrical passage. Indeed the last of the three choruses we have mentioned, if, instead of being thrown into the shape and outward form of verse, it had been transcribed and printed in prose style, might very well have passed for a cutting out of Hervey's *Meditations*. This is the way of it. "Men's natures differ, and their habits too; but what is truly good admits no change. How does the force of discipline conduce to virtue? Wisdom comes with modesty," &c. &c. &c. It is possible that at this stage of his work Mr. Cartwright felt some misgivings that blank verse for choruses was more or less a mistake, for, at about the middle of the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, he has recourse to a sort of compromise. His second phase is a mixture of blank verse and lyric, the latter being occasionally rhymed, but still more frequently unrhymed. When he reaches the *Iphigenia at Tauri*, he appears to have made up his mind that the true thing is a wholly lyrical and, for the most part, a rhyming chorus; but he seems to have forgotten that the irresolute eccentricity of this tentative practice in one ode after another is not unlikely to drive readers to close the book before they come upon evidences of his latest theory. If it was not allowed to the scenic *Medea* to kill her children on the stage, it strikes us as equally unbecoming in Mr. Cartwright to do all his chopping and mangling of his Euripidean chorus before his audience. Nor, indeed, will the general execution of the choruses referred to have given the student much encouragement to read on. The translator contents himself with substitutes, not equivalents, for the Greek. Ἀρεάν is "happiness" ἡ εὐροσύνῃ, "an equal mind"; and αἱ διὰ λαμπροτάτου βαίνοντες ἀβρῶς αἰθερὸς (*Med.* 830-1), a line truly characteristic of Athenian elasticity of spirit, is frittered into

Who moved beneath that ever glorious sky;

where the force of ἀβρῶς, which Anstis recognises and preserves in his

Gliding through their dazzling air,
Sons of heaven, with courtly grace,

is ignored altogether. In point of fact, Mr. Cartwright's rendering of this beautiful chorus is a blunder throughout, arising from his misconception in treating the few first lines as if they referred to past time, whereas the charm and happy compliment of the passage consists in its being understood of what is and is to be, and not merely of what was in days of yore. In the chorus, too, which we have cited from the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, he stumbles at the only two lines where stumbling was possible:—

ἐν ἀνέρας δ' αὖ
κόσμος ἔνδον, ὃ μυριοπληθὴ
μείζω πόλιν αἰεῖ.—*Iph.* in *Aul.* 572-3.

* Translations from Euripides. By J. Cartwright, A.M., formerly of Christ's College, Cambridge. London: D. Nutt & Co. 1866.

A comparison of these words with the context points to some marked contrast to woman's retired and home-bounded life. A woman's excellence consists in modesty; a man's in governing the State. "In man," the poet sings, "there is an innate capacity for rule, which increases ever more and more the might of a State." Can Mr. Cartwright be said to have expressed aught approaching this in his colourless lines:—

Whilst with man a sense
Of firm internal rectitude should guide,
And make him seek the welfare of the State.

P. 100, E. T.

Before quitting the consideration of his choruses, we will only stop to remark that he has signalized his first departure from wholly blank-verse treatment of his chorus by a blank-verse line more unephephonic than any that have gone before. It was time to be looking out for some other metre after such a line as

All the vast host of Greece's armament.—P. 110.

Though iambs have been said to be the metre of conversation, and are conventionally allowed to be little more than rhythmical prose, it may well be doubted whether their English substitute, much more whether the requirements of an English choral ode, are not outraged by anything so utterly slovenly and shipshod.

But it is not only in the chorus that we have to find fault with Mr. Cartwright. Here his errors are errors of taste and judgment. A survey of the non-choral part of his work, much too minute to be enjoyable, has taught us that his scholarship is very much below par, and that, sometimes perhaps from carelessness, sometimes from lack of that knowledge which is to be found in grammars and dictionaries, he misrepresents his author in an unaccountable manner. It is not too much to require of a translator that he should consult, not only those generally necessary helps, but also some fair modern commentary; and the wrong done to unlearned readers by vagueness resulting from sheer lack of research is by no means lightly to be condoned. Here is a sample of the manner in which nicer shades of meaning are missed or left untranslated, we can but think through simple neglect on the translator's part to penetrate below the mere surface of the Greek. In *Medea*, 724, where Creon tells Medea in her distress,

τίρσσομαι σου προξενεῖν δίκαιος ὢν,

both the context and the position of the words *δίκαιος ὢν* would lead us to see that there was some qualifying force in them. Their meaning is, as it scarcely needs the help of commentators to divine, "I will try to stand your friend, justice and international law permitting." Yet Mr. Cartwright contents himself with translating

I will endeavour to receive thee well—
Justice I love;

a translation which is calculated to convey the impression that Creon declares that justice bids him protect Medea *unreservedly*. Again, in v. 1015-6, the Tutor says to Medea, in the hope of cheering her,

θάραυ' κάτω τοι καὶ σὺ πρὸς τέκνων ἔτι.

To which she replies, with a double meaning and a punning play on words,

ἀλλους κατέω πρόσθεν ἢ τάλαυ' ἐγώ.

Now a fair amount of study of Euripides ought to have furnished an easy key to this favourite resort of his, and to have pointed to the play of words in *κάτω* and *κατέω*. But Mr. Cartwright has no sense of all this, and ignores the double sense of "sending down to Hades" and of "restoration from exile" when he translates:—

TUTOR. Thou wilt be brought back once more
Thro' thy two sons.
MEDEA. Others ere then by me
Will have been dealt with.

In *Med.* 1176 he fails to discern, or, if he has discerned, to convey, the meaning of *ἀντίμαλπον ἀλοφυῆς κενερόν*, when he translates it "screams far louder than before"; whereas he should have tried to express "a wail opposite or different to the customary sacrificial cry of women" (*ἀλοφυή*). And in the *Iph. in Aulis*, 435, he utterly overlooks the sense of the words *ἑάρχον κατὰ*, when he translates "Set forth the gifts." Neither Potter nor Woodhull was so easy-going as this. Potter's "Begin the rites," and Woodhull's "For the initiatory rites Bring canisters," show that they knew what they were about, and saw plainly enough that rites were indicated. But of a translator in 1866 who professes to appreciate Euripides it is hardly too much to expect that he should have learnt from two parallel passages (*Iph. in Aul.* 1471 and *Electr.* 1142) that the reference is to the bringing up of the meal baskets as a preliminary rite.

These are instances enough of superficial work, sufficient at all events to create some wonderment at the author's ideal of what translation consists in. But there is, besides, a strange crop of blunders betokening the shadiest scholarship. It needed neither Elmsley nor Matthiae, but simply the old Eton Grammar, to keep Mr. Cartwright from mistranslating *αὐτοῖς μελάθροις διακναυμένους*, "Within the palace walls Torn limb from limb," when *αὐτοῖς μελάθροις* can only mean "palace and all"; or from mistaking, in the very same page, the optative force of *πῶς ἂν*, which he ignorantly renders, "How soon would she come out to welcome us." But it is hopeless to grapple with a tithe of the blunders, such as *καίτοι τί πάσχω*; *Med.* 1049, "Yet what have I endured?" (where Potter rightly reads, "Why this tenderness?") and *Iph. in Aul.* 725, *οἷσθ' οὖν ὅ*

δρᾶσον, "How far thou knowest not"; blunders which any fifth-form boy would be warranted to correct. The persistency with which from first to last he renders *Κάλλας* "Chalchas" (†) is nothing less than sheer barbarism. Suffice it to say that this is not the sort of aid which will help Euripides to a juster appreciation in the eyes of English readers. We freely admit that the execution of the *Iphigenia at Tauri* is a shade better than that of the plays which precede it; but surely the book was not printed and published to illustrate Mr. Cartwright's progress in the art of translation. We sincerely condole with Christ's College, the nursing mother of Milton, and of a living translator so full of grace, scholarship, and poetry as Mr. Calverley, that she has no powers to burk, smother, or otherwise make away with, the abortive exertions of Mr. Cartwright.

D'AUBIGNÉ'S HISTORY OF CALVIN'S REFORMATION.*

OF course there is still a large class of readers who believe that the Pope and the Gospel are in direct antagonism one to the other, that the Roman system is a hideous mass of idolatry and superstition, destined eventually to be superseded, not by the advancing tide of intelligence, but by the overwhelming majesty of the doctrine of justification by faith. To such readers the new instalment of M. D'Aubigné's *History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin* will be at least as interesting as any of those that have preceded it—nay, perhaps more so in proportion to the magnificence of its promise. The third volume was almost confined to Switzerland; the present is more discursive, and bears on its title-page the names of England, Geneva, France, Germany, and Italy. The Reformation in Italy has not indeed amounted to much, nor has Catholicism been extirpated from France even after three centuries; but good Protestants may perhaps take comfort in the prospect of a rich harvest in the future which dawns upon them as they read M. D'Aubigné's recital of the prowess of some hitherto unknown heroes who fought for the good cause in the north and centre of Italy, and at Naples, and even Rome itself. The author has devoted the labour of a life to the history of the eventful sixteenth century, but his mind does not enlarge as he proceeds with his subject. Whilst all intelligent people are beginning to understand that the dogma of justification by faith is precisely the same as understood by men of common sense whether within or without the Roman pale, M. D'Aubigné still nails his colours to the mast, and evidently is willing to do battle to the death in behalf of this *Articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesie*. It is not that he has absolutely shut his eyes to all that has been going on around him, for he has heard of the decision of the supreme Court of Appeal in the case of *Essays and Reviews*; and as he ventures, respectfully but frankly, to point out the evil which he supposes to have resulted from the substitution of the Royal for the Papal supremacy, he probably attaches more weight to the expression of his opinion than ordinary Englishmen will think it entitled to bear. Still he takes comfort in the hope, which we must admit does not appear to us to be in a fair way to be realized, that

The Christians of Great Britain will not only hold firm the standard of faith, but will redouble their efforts to win souls to the Gospel both at home and in the most distant countries, and if at any time they should be compelled to make a choice—and either renounce their union with the civil power, or sacrifice the holy doctrines of the Word of God—there is not (in our opinion) one evangelical minister or layman in England who would hesitate a moment on the course he should adopt.

From what has been said it will be inferred that the author recurs in this volume to the Reformation in England. Indeed, nearly half the volume is occupied with this subject, which he takes up from the fall of Wolsey in 1529, where he left off thirteen years ago in the fifth volume of his previous work, which passes by the same title as the present, only having "the Sixteenth Century" exchanged for the "Times of Calvin." And whatever may have been M. D'Aubigné's qualifications for writing the history of the Reformation in Geneva—and, as will have been seen, we do not estimate them very highly—he shows, on the first glance at his work, how utterly incompetent he is to deal with the history of the eventful changes in England which were contemporaneous with the spread of Lutheranism and Calvinism on the Continent of Europe. In that part of the present volume which is devoted to Geneva, as in the third volume as far as the same subject is concerned, he has availed himself of the Registers of the Council of State of Geneva, whilst he has also had recourse to a MS. in the Archives of Berne for the account of the trial of Baudichon de Maisonneuve for heresy before the Inquisitorial Court at Lyons. We are unable to pronounce upon the fidelity of such of the author's representations as are derived from these sources. So we confine ourselves to a general expression of regret that he did not, as regards these records, follow the example of his illustrious predecessor, the Protestant historian of the English Reformation, and print his documents at length. But his incompetency as regards the English Reformation is manifest in every page of his work. For a brief instant we were deceived into the half-belief that the references to the Cotton MSS. might have been made by the author himself. We were soon, however, undeceived, and discovered that they were all given at second-hand. It unfortunately

* *History of the Reformation in Europe in the Time of Calvin.* By J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D., Author of the "History of the Reformation of the Sixteenth Century," &c. Vol. IV. England, Geneva, France, Germany, and Italy. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

happens that two of the MS. volumes referred to are named Galba B. X. and Titus B. I., and M. D'Aubigné, who has evidently never seen any of the collection, cites them in each instance as if B. stood for book. As for his references to printed books, we can only regret that he should have thought it worth while to refer to such very untrustworthy sources as Fox, Fuller, and Burnet. It was pretty well known, before the appearance of the recent Oxford reprint of Burnet, that nothing that these authors vouch for is to be depended upon unless other evidence can be produced for the assertion. But M. D'Aubigné is as blind as Burnet himself in his admiration of the Protestant side, and his dislike of Popery. We fear there will be but little response to his appeal to "all who have God's glory, the safety of the Church, and the prosperity of their country at heart, to preserve in its integrity the precious treasure of God's Word, and to learn from the men of the Reformation to repel foolish errors and a slavish yoke with one hand, and with the other the empty theorems of an incredulous philosophy." The truth is that blind admiration of the men of the Reformation is simply impossible to those who know anything about them. As M. D'Aubigné has only reached to the Primacy of Cranmer, he probably does not yet know much about Cranmer's contemporaries in the sees of York and Winchester, whose episcopate belongs to the reign of Edward VI. Neither do we feel at all sure, judging from the mode in which this volume has been written, that he will ever find out anything to their discredit. Impartial Protestants, whatever they may think of Calvin, Luther, and Melancthon, can scarcely have the hardihood to boast of the men who filled the episcopal sees at the time when the Forty-two Articles were drawn up and imposed upon the clergy.

Again, so little does M. D'Aubigné know of the chief actors in the English Reformation, so far as regards the rupture with Rome, that, after stating truly that of all the acts of the Reformation only one belongs to Henry VIII.—namely, "that he broke with the Pope"—he ventures to enter a mild protest against the preposterous view of the King's character published by a distinguished writer in 1858. Now, without giving any opinion on Mr. Froude's researches for the Elizabethan period, we venture to assert that his first four volumes betray an entire ignorance of original MSS. and records, and a very superficial acquaintance with printed documents. But M. D'Aubigné indicates an entire ignorance also of MS. references when he bears testimony to the good use Mr. Froude has made of the original documents which he had before him; and he has egregiously failed to appreciate the mode in which this author regards the Protestant Reformation, when he says that he "could not forbear rejoicing as he noticed the favourable point of view under which, in this last work of his, he considers the Reformation."

This part of his work, M. D'Aubigné tells us, was written thirteen years ago, immediately subsequent to the publication of that part of his previous history which relates to England. And though he professes to have revised it, it is evident that little or no use has been made of the stores of information that have in various ways been made public during these thirteen years. In fact, if we may judge from the references, the only alterations made have been introduced from the first volume of Mr. Froude's History. With this single exception, the work contains nothing new. The book consists in great part of gossiping accounts of the doings and sufferings of Protestant zealots in disseminating the Bible; whilst, as regards Henry's political views, M. D'Aubigné is not one whit more enlightened than his authorities—Fox and Fuller. He commits himself to the absurd statement that, "even without the divorce, Henry would possibly have separated from Rome." This statement alone shows that M. D'Aubigné knows next to nothing of the King's motives. But he could not be expected to fall in with the theory which has been adopted by Catholic writers like Lingard. It was not likely that an author writing in the interests of Protestantism, and without the smallest pretence of concealing his bias, should go counter to the commonly received Protestant accounts. His statement of the mode in which the opinions of the Universities were gained is one degree more ridiculous than Burnet's. With exactly the same evidence before him as Burnet had, he of course cannot see any further than his authority saw; and though the whole affair was conducted with the utmost effrontery of bribery, he copies Burnet's account, and seems to believe that there was really a kind of unanimity in the Catholic Universities against the Papal power of dispensation for the marriage with a brother's widow. In his statement that the Lutherans and Continental Protestants generally were at this time opposed to the King's views, he is correct; but how that fact affects, one way or the other, the opinion that the divorce was the sole cause of the breach with Rome, we are unable to see. M. D'Aubigné may perhaps find admirers on the score of his consistent Protestantism, but he will scarcely be praised for his logical accuracy when he founds an argument against this view of the matter on the disagreement of the Lutherans with the envoys of the King as to this point. In enlarging on the effects of Henry's bribes in persuading the friars of the North of Italy to write in his favour, he observes:—

In the midst of this harmony of Catholicity there was one exception of which no one had dreamt. That divorce which, according to the frivolous language of a certain party, was the cause of the Reformation in England, found opponents among the fathers and the children of the Reformation.

If there is any force at all in this; it means that the divorce cannot

have caused the Reformation in England, because certain foreign Protestants were opposed to it. We confess we do not see the logical sequence.

However, it is not mere logic that we complain of. A writer who follows Burnet and Fox might at least have stuck to his authorities. And certainly even these writers give no sanction to the story of Thomas Cranmer appearing with a manuscript at the door of the King's closet, for the purpose of easing the royal conscience by reference to the teaching of Scripture on the vexed point of the marriage with his brother's widow. Nor, again, does either of them tell us that Cranmer was appointed the Pope's almoner for the dominions of the King of England. But perhaps, in the Protestant idea, an "almoner" and a "penitentiary" are the same thing. Where M. D'Aubigné picks up his pretty little anecdotes, or whether they are sometimes more or less conjectural, we must leave to others to decide. Sometimes we are favoured with a reference to some early historian, but the author does not venture to quote any authority for his opinion that Cranmer was charmed with the touching picture of domestic happiness that he witnessed in the house of Osiander. No doubt he is correct in his statement that the future Archbishop married Osiander's niece, and that he did not dare to bring her with him to England; but his apology for the Primate's wife never being presented at Court is exquisitely ludicrous. Without doubt many an historian may be found who will concur in the eulogy of an English Archbishop's dis-regarding "the unlawful command of those who forbade to marry"; but we think Cranmer must have had a better reason for not presenting his wife at Court than our author gives when he says, "It was not necessary, and it might only have embarrassed the pious German lady." As regards the taking of the oath of obedience to the Pope, and the previous declaration that he did not mean to be bound by it, M. D'Aubigné candidly admits that it was a mistake, and takes refuge in the charitable sentiment that in many things we offend all. We think we have said enough to show that M. D'Aubigné's attempt to write the history of the Reformation of the Church in England is a mere impertinence. We trust that the new facts which he has brought out in illustration of the Genevese Reformation rest on better authority than those which we have quoted from the chapters in which he treats of England.

KING'S BAYNARD.*

AMONG the signs of the times, not the least remarkable is the prevailing passion of writers of fiction for bigamy. What it portends we will not undertake to decide; but the fact is indisputable, that bi-conjugal relations, in some shape or other, form the groundwork of more than half the novels of the day. The fashion is to be deprecated for many reasons. Novels constitute the staple mental pabulum of the majority of lady readers; and it is not wholly pleasant to reflect that the pet authors of our wives and daughters are accustomed to treat the fact of a man having two wives, or a woman two husbands, at the same time, as a natural and everyday occurrence. Familiarity breeds contempt, and a young lady who has gone through a long course of virtuous heroes with two wives each can hardly be expected to continue to regard bigamy with a satisfactory amount of horror. But, apart from the moral aspect of the question, this persistent manipulation of a threadbare theme is anything but creditable to the novelists. The faculty of invention must be at a singularly low ebb when writers of fiction condescend to this kind of literary follow-my-leader. If bigamy were a thing which everybody had to go through sooner or later, like first love or the measles, such unanimity would be less surprising; but, so far from being actually the rule, a double marriage is in real life the rarest of exceptions. In the plots of the old writers bigamy is very sparingly used; yet the characters seem to have got on very well without it. The Queen in *Hamlet* waits till her first spouse is poisoned before she takes another; and the Wife of Bath, though she had five husbands, had only one at a time. We admit that, as a situation of fiction, bigamy has great advantages. A good deal can be made of the remorse of the bigamist, and the constant dread of discovery. The rightful partner may produce a pleasing excitement by turning up, or being on the point of turning up, at any number of unseasonable times, and the final discovery and general consternation afford material for a capital climax. Unfortunately, however, all this valuable material has been already utilized—not once, but a hundred or a hundred and fifty times. We have had every possible variety of bigamist, with every possible variety of first partner and every possible variety of second partner, and the ramifications of the plot have been varied in every possible way. We confess to a little curiosity to see a book in which everybody shall be a bigamist; but we cannot imagine any other variation of which the subject is still susceptible. We are weary of bigamy. We doubt not that it has been in its time a very useful institution, and that it has saved an enormous outlay of original thought; but it has lived its due time, and should now receive decent burial. We sincerely trust that, when Parliament has settled, or "considered with a view to its settlement," the

* *King's Baynard*. By the Hon. Mrs. George Gifford. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.

vexed question of Reform, it will turn its attention to this substantial grievance, and make it penal to introduce bigamy in any form into a novel.

In *King's Baynard* the inevitable bigamy is to a certain extent committed by misadventure, the bigamist being under the amiable misapprehension that his first wife has been, pursuant to orders, got rid of by poison. Sir Marmaduke Baynard, the gentleman who assumes this summary divorce jurisdiction, is a "wicked baronet," of the pattern familiar to readers of penny romances and frequenters of Transpontine theatres. It is almost superfluous to say that he is descended from a long line of horribly wicked ancestors, and that his paternal mansion, King's Baynard, is afflicted with a ghost (a lady in green), and a tremendous curse, which sticks to the family with uncomfortable pertinacity. It is a matter of course that the wicked baronet should have a villainous valet, to aid and abet him in his iniquities; and this personage, effectively made up with "dark evil brows" and a "malignant sneer," is ably represented by Mr. Luke Grimstone. Luke's mother, the grim old housekeeper to whom the task of poisoning the first Lady Baynard is confided, and who instead keeps the poor imbecile creature, disguised in the traditional habiliments of the family ghost, in the secret chamber at King's Baynard, is another stock character. The incidents of the story are as melodramatic as the personages. The elopement of the unfortunate Mabel Trevylian with Luke Grimstone as proxy for his master, the secret wedding, the baronet's cruel treatment of his wife and arrangements for her destruction, are fragments of the sensational machinery with which Mistress Anne Radcliffe delighted our grandmothers. A good many of these tremendous incidents, however, lose a portion of their effect by being, so to speak, fired in the air, for they are mostly represented to have taken place long before the story begins. When we first make the acquaintance of the characters, Sir Marmaduke, broken down by his vices, is spending the remains of a premature old age at Paris, in company with his second wife, Carlotta, and their infant son. John Baynard, the baronet's son by his first marriage and the hero of the book, is for some unexplained reason the object of his father's aversion, and resides by himself in the family mansion at King's Baynard. He is acknowledged as the baronet's heir, but there is a mystery as to his parentage on the mother's side. The baronet is popularly supposed to have married abroad, and to have lost his first wife soon after marriage; but malicious persons whisper a doubt whether such a marriage ever took place at all. John Baynard bears the uncertainty as best he may, till he falls in love, and is accepted, when he resolves that the mystery shall be a mystery no longer, and accordingly visits his father, and demands to know the secret of his birth. Under the pressure of his importunities, the baronet tells him a shameful history of his dead mother, and finally informs him that the unprepossessing Luke Grimstone is his father. John is proud and high-spirited, and the baronet's revelation drives him almost to madness. He returns to England, and prepares to surrender his lady-love and his supposed inheritance, and to go forth as an outcast. His mental suffering brings on brain-fever, and he has a hard battle for life. After a long illness he recovers, and is about to bid a final farewell to King's Baynard, when the old housekeeper, Mrs. Grimstone, is providentially taken ill, and, by her death-bed confession, clears his mother's fame, and crushes the plot to deprive him of his inheritance.

We cannot but think that Mrs. Gifford has been unfortunate in the selection of her materials. These secret marriages, villainous valets, repentant housekeepers, and family ghosts belong to a very low department of literary art. They are appropriate enough in penny numbers, where thrilling incidents are absolutely indispensable to counteract the refrigerating influence of "to be continued in our next," but they are totally out of place in a modern three-volume novel. Mrs. Gifford's manner, however, is infinitely superior to her matter; and the book as a whole is very much better than would naturally be expected from our account of the plot. The story proper is mainly occupied by young John Baynard's life and love-making at King's Baynard, and only makes short occasional excursions into the regions of sensation. John Baynard himself is a very well-drawn character, and too good in every sense for his melodramatic surroundings. He is proud, hot-tempered, and high-principled; equally prompt to resent an offence and to forgive it. He rides well to hounds, and is the hero of an especially wonderful leap, only equalled by the Devil's Jump of which almost every county claims to show the precise locality. He is equally great in making love and in thrashing impertinent attorneys. In a word, John Baynard is a thorough lady's hero, and the ladies are not likely to find fault with him because, artistically speaking, he is just a little too perfect. A lady writer's idea of manufacturing a thorough hero is to combine all the manly virtues she can think of, and to screw them up to what may be called the concert pitch of human nature, that is, just a note or two higher than the ordinary key of humanity. It is not surprising that such a hero does tremendous execution among the female characters. Not to mention Mary Trevylian, John Baynard's lady-love *en titre*, there is a prior but unrequited attachment of which a certain Margaret Town-Eden is the heroine. The Town-Edens are, comparatively speaking, subordinate personages, but as sketches of character they are exceedingly good. The generous though somewhat thick-headed Tory squire, utterly unconscious, after the manner of fathers in general, of the little domestic dramas that are

played under his very eyes, is drawn to the life; and his wife, Margaret's mother, just and even generous where her feelings are not concerned, but forgetting all her fairness when she deems her daughter ill-used, is almost equally good. Margaret Town-Eden and Mary Trevylian are both so attractive that, were we in John Baynard's place, we are inclined to think we should feel a good deal of embarrassment in choosing between the two. Possibly it was a sense of this difficulty which made Mrs. Gifford represent Margaret as fond of hunting, and encumbered with a large number of big brothers, which circumstances would exercise a considerable effect on our decision, and probably influenced the hero in like manner. It is rather trying for a young lady to find that her supposed lover's intentions are directed to a totally different quarter; and it is by no means easy to carry off such a situation with grace and dignity. Margaret Town-Eden, in Mrs. Gifford's hands, thoroughly succeeds in doing this; and her struggle with, and final victory over, her misplaced attachment is to our mind the most successful part of the book.

The prevailing impression left upon us by *King's Baynard* is a regret that the authoress has expended so much power in an unsatisfactory direction. Mrs. Gifford possesses very considerable powers of appreciating and depicting character, and her style is pleasant and readable. She is, if we mistake not, sufficiently strong to write an interesting story without having recourse to the meretricious aid of melodramatic "sensations"; and we shall watch with interest her first attempt in a higher kind of fiction. Art, like human beings, breathes most freely in a pure atmosphere.

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